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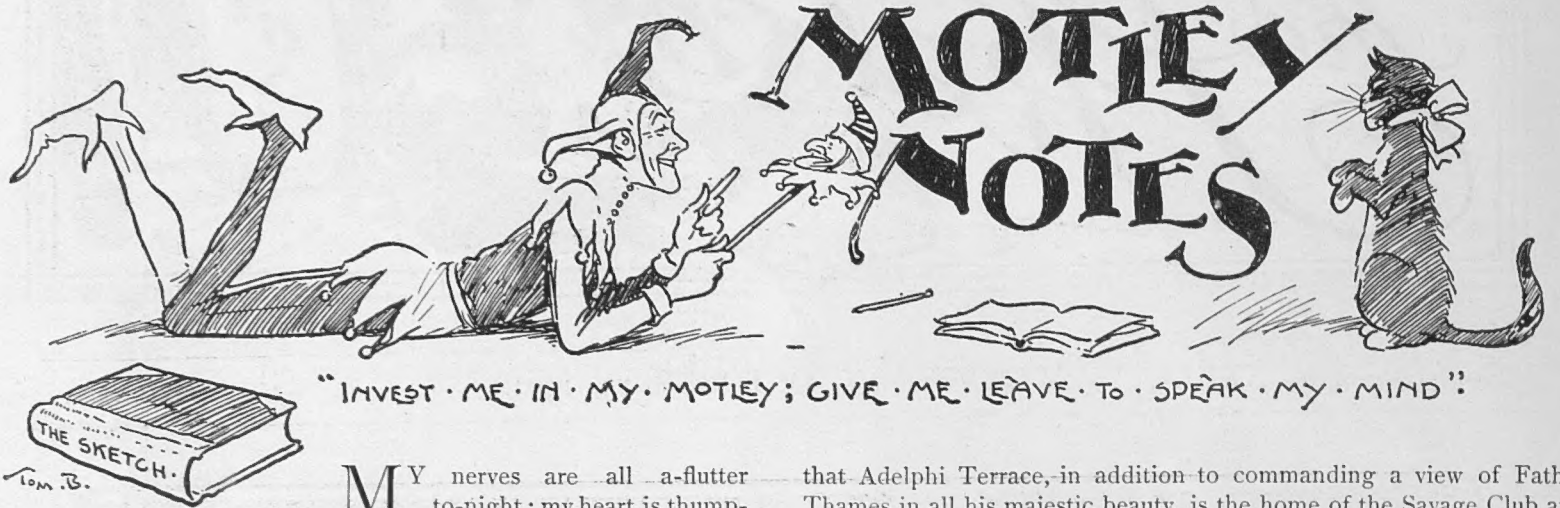
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MARIE DAINTON.

Photograph by Langier, Old Bond Street, W. (See "The Stage from the Stalls.")



Tom B.

MY nerves are all a-flutter to-night; my heart is thumping wildly; my breath comes quick and short. There is no real cause for alarm, however. I am not feverish either in body or mind, and the sole reason for my agitation is that I am about to do an unconventional thing. In a word, I am about to praise a book written by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. There! The murder is out now, and I feel my own man again. Let the superior young people on the *Saturday Review* sneer and snigger; let the witless wits of the quasi-Bohemian Clubs snarl and whine. I say that "Paul Kever" is a splendid piece of work; I say that it raises Mr. Jerome far above the heads of our merely popular novelists; I trust that it will be one of the successes of the present publishing season. I have never met Mr. Jerome in my life, but I feel that I know him through this autobiographical novel. By the way, I have read only half of it so far; perhaps, in the other half, Paul becomes loud-voiced and self-assertive, and develops some of the other horrible traits that bring men so near to the pig that grunts. But I think not. I think I can see enough of Paul's character to know that he will never give way to the cheapnesses of the bully and the blunders of the vulgarian. However, should I be disappointed in the youth, I shall not hesitate to warn you off him in my next week's Notes.

Perhaps I ought to explain why I am reviewing, as they say, a book that I have not finished reading. Well, that is easily done; I want to get my notice out whilst the book is still a new book and is being asked for at the libraries. If I waited another week, there would be fifty more books on the market, each of them written by well-known authors, and poor Paul and his adventures would no longer interest my novel-reading readers. I believe that a book—a novel, that is to say—is made or marred in the first three weeks of its existence. That is why the majority of book-reviews are of no use at all to the author. It is all very nice and literary, of course, for the lazy reviewer to keep a stack of new books on his table waiting to be reviewed. The idea of the thing is pretty enough, and fills with awe the breasts of his fair lady friends. But his tardiness shows him to be a fool, for a belated review, apart from being of no use to the author, is equally worthless to the editor, the publisher, and the reader. Any man of ordinary intelligence, I maintain, ought to be able to write a review of a book three days after receiving his copy: that allows him two nights to read the thing and one night to write his notice. I admit that I have been more than two nights reading "Paul Kever," but, then, one may surely be excused for lingering a little over a particularly toothsome morsel.

Talking of laziness, I wish people would leave off telling us that Zola's motto was "Nulla dies sine linea." I have the greatest possible reverence for Zola, but I do not admire his motto. In the first place, it quite fails to convey any idea of industry. The mere fact that he insisted upon doing a certain amount of work, however little, each day is quite unimpressive in the era of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine and George R. Sims. What would be the use of a line, I wonder, to Mr. Sims, whose daily task it is to edit "Living London," settle the affairs of the nation for the *Referee*, dash off a chapter or two of a realistic novel, collect the fees on several melodramas and farces, and keep a fatherly eye on the advertisements of a certain hair-restorer? Again, is it so very praiseworthy that an author should work every day, whether he is in the mood for it or not? Surely there must have been days when Zola felt more like sunshine than sorrow.

To my astonishment, I hear that the London County Council have it in mind to build offices for themselves on that sacred spot known as Adelphi Terrace. For the benefit of the unblessed, I may mention

that Adelphi Terrace, in addition to commanding a view of Father Thames in all his majestic beauty, is the home of the Savage Club and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Think, then, of the sacrilege meditated upon by that body of rough-fingered iconoclasts! Not only will they arrogate to themselves the most poetic site in the City of London, but they would actually disturb the historic resting-place of Bohemia and the secluded nest of our one and only Thinker. And for what purpose? Why, merely that the clerks in the employ of this ruthless body may enjoy a magnificent view of the Automatic Buffet, instead of getting along with their work and earning the money paid to them by an over-taxed community. I shall be told, perhaps, that the Council intend to prevent any such waste of the rate-payers' time by putting in ground-glass windows. To that feeble defence I reply that they might just as well save the greater portion of their £900,000 and find a place for themselves in some delightfully cheap back-street.

I suppose the County Council don't care a dump about the feelings of the Savage Club, but I should like to point out to them that the membership of this famous institution includes influential representatives of every daily paper and every important weekly paper in London. If all these gentlemen took it into their heads to combine, not against the County Council, but for the preservation of their beloved Club-house, it would be useless for the Council to hope and expect that their act of vandalism would never become known to the general public. Unfortunately, nothing is harder than to get members of the Press to combine in their own interests. Were it not for this fact, the members of the Savage Club might make a fine fight for it before they found themselves ousted from their nest. With regard to Mr. Bernard Shaw, it is, of course, quite impossible to say what action he will take in the matter. It is scarcely likely that he will allow so grand an opportunity to pass unnoticed. Pitiful indeed would it be to see this great teacher, this philosopher born a hundred years before his time, reclining against the railings on the cold side of Adelphi Terrace the while a dozen brutal British workmen, born a hundred years after their time, removed his dwelling brick by brick and spurned it to the ground.

"It will be well this week-end," spake the *Daily Telegraph* of Saturday last, "to prepare for unsettled weather." The warning came just in time to prevent me from starting off to the country in a flannel suit, a straw hat, and a pair of white boots. "By the way," continued the expert, "the weather must be taken as it comes, with philosophic serenity—a quality likely to serve its fortunate possessor a good turn this week-end." Really, I must express my deep indebtedness to the writer of these few lines. The sentiment is simple, but, oh, how cheering, how strengthening! Had I not chanced across this literary gem, it is possible that, driven to desperation by the continued atmospherical depression, I might have cast myself into the Strand and been drowned in the river of liquid mud. As it was, I held myself in check and considered the matter sanely, reasonably. I said to myself, "It is raining: put up your umbrella when you go out." After all, a wet spring, summer, and autumn should be looked upon as a moral tonic. Once upon a time, I was wont to protest somewhat angrily when a passing omnibus sent a shower of mud over my face and clothes. But that is all changed now. I have become, as the *Daily Telegraph* gentleman says, serene and philosophical. Instead of casting malevolent glances at the driver of the 'bus and complaining bitterly to the nearest policeman, I draw my spattered garments around me, smile wanly, and creep along in silence. As Mr. George Robey so beautifully expresses it in one of his charming ballads, "These things are only sent to try us."

Chicot

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THE SAVOYARDS ON TOUR.

These photographs were taken by Mr. Henry Lytton during the course of the journey from Newcastle to Manchester, and are supplied exclusively to "The Sketch." The Savoy Company are appearing at the Kennington Theatre this week in "Merrie England."



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Mr. Walter Passmore. Miss Agnes Fraser.

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London, October 1902.

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AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ROYAL RED CROSS.

Much interest will be felt on both sides of the Atlantic in His Majesty's latest gracious act of recognition of one of his famous subjects Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, still better known under her old name of Lady Randolph Churchill, was personally decorated by the Sovereign, while staying at Invercauld, with the Royal Red Cross, in recognition of her work in connection with the hospital-ship *Maine*. It will be remembered that Mrs. Cornwallis-West, who had not at the time contracted her second marriage, took a most energetic part in all the arrangements connected with the Anglo-American floating palace of pain which did such good work during the South African War; indeed, she was one of those who went out in the *Maine* on the occasion of its first voyage of mercy, and she actually helped to nurse the wounded who were brought home in the vessel. Mrs. Cornwallis-West has always been a favourite with King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and His Majesty is said to watch the career of her brilliant elder son with special interest; indeed, the Sovereign only recently entertained Mr. Winston Churchill at Balmoral.

With the death of Mr. George Gordon of Ellon, in his ninetyeth year, a Diplomatist of the old school passes away. Mr. Gordon was born in 1812, and entered the Diplomatic Service as Private Secretary to the British Minister at Stuttgart in 1832. From 1837 to 1843 he saw a great deal of service in South America as Attaché and Chargé d'Affaires, and was employed on special service during the troublous times in Paraguay. He was Minister Plenipotentiary to Switzerland and Hanover, and finally at Baden, where he remained from 1859 to 1870, and then retired on a pension at the age of fifty-eight. However, he lived close on thirty-two years after his retirement, and finally died at Würzburg, Bavaria. He saw all the stirring events which took place on the Continent from the time of Louis Philippe to the fall of Sedan.

We regret exceedingly that, through the error of a correspondent, *The Sketch* was unintentionally led to do an injustice to Mr. Ernest Vausden, the Musical Director of the Strand. The present is not his first engagement at a London theatre, as when the Duke of York's was the Trafalgar he was the conductor, and in that capacity he has had some sixteen years' experience. Mr. Vausden has been associated with many of the principal Comic Opera and Musical Comedy Companies, including "The Rose of Persia," with Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, and such well-known operas as "La Cigale," "Falka," and "The Old Guard," while he composed the music of "The New Mephistopheles."

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King and Windsor.

King Edward is always thoughtful of his subjects and seldom loses an opportunity of doing some kind act to the poorer of them. He has now given orders that Windsor Castle shall be open free to the public every Wednesday and on all Bank Holidays when the Court is not in residence. It is about a quarter of a century ago that the Tower was made free one day in the week, on the initiative of Lord Beaconsfield, and the boon has been greatly appreciated. There is no reason to doubt that the free opening of Windsor Castle State Apartments on Wednesdays will be much enjoyed by crowds of people.

Romantic Royalty.

Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who entertained the King at North Berwick last week (9th), may truly claim a high place in the romantic world of Royalty. Just fifty-one years ago, the Prince, who was the eldest son of Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, elected to renounce many of his Royal privileges in order to follow the dictates of his heart by marrying Lady Augusta Gordon-Lennox, the sister of the present Duke of Richmond. At the time the marriage took place the Royal bridegroom was twenty-eight years of age, and he had entered the British Army ten years previously. In those days, morganatic alliances were far more rare than they are now, and for some time the Princess was known as the Countess of Dornburg. In due course, however, Queen Victoria raised her by special decree to the rank of her distinguished soldier-husband. Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar are much beloved both by their innumerable Royal relations and by their large circle of friends and acquaintances. The Princess has always closely identified herself with everything that concerns the welfare of Military Society, and she takes an active part in the various military philanthropic associations which have done so much during the last three years.

Lady Londonderry.

The later Victorian era was justly famed for a wonderful group of beautiful women, who both as debutantes and Peeresses astonished Society by their rare loveliness. Of these, still among the fairest of the fair, Lady Londonderry and Georgiana, Lady Dudley, stood and stand supreme. They are both grandmothers, but, like Queen Alexandra, they seem to possess the secret of eternal youth. Lady Londonderry, who is the eldest of Lord Shrewsbury's three sisters, is very popular in Ireland, for she was an ideal Vicereine, and is devoted to Mount Stewart, Lord Londonderry's Irish home. She has very literary and artistic tastes, and some few years ago contributed a valuable historical paper on the great Lord Castlereagh to the *Anglo-Saxon Review*.

Reassembling of Parliament.

Parliament meets to-morrow (the 16th) to complete the business it began in summer. This is no new Session. It is merely a continuation of the Session which has already lasted seven months. A great deal of time earlier in the year was spent by the House of Commons on the new rules of procedure, as to the effect of which there are very varied opinions. The Corn Tax, which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach imposed before going out of office, made the Budget more than usually contentious, and then the Education Bill proved so controversial that it could not nearly be completed before the August adjournment. It is chiefly to proceed with this Bill that the Commons are returning, reluctantly enough, to the green benches.

The Reconstructed Government.

The Government in its reconstructed form will be visible for the first time to-morrow. No longer shall members see Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, or Sir John Gorst, or Mr. Jesse Collings on the Treasury Bench. Sir William Walrond, formerly the Chief Whip, and now Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, will take his seat on re-election. Mr. Forster, the new Junior Whip, may not feel quite happy when he re-enters the

House as Member for Sevenoaks, seeing that the reduction of his majority has given such encouragement to the Liberals. Lord Percy and Mr. Bonar Law will take their places for the first time on the Treasury Bench, where Mr. George Wyndham and Mr. Austen Chamberlain are henceforth to enjoy the dignity of Cabinet Ministers. In the Upper House, Lord James of Hereford will retire to a back bench and Lord Raglan will cease to speak for the War Office. On the other hand, Lord Windsor will come forward to the Government Bench as First Commissioner of Works.

Mr. Balfour's Trial.

How long will the Session last? Opponents of the Education Bill predict that, unless the Government are defeated, the Session will not finish this year. There are almost endless opportunities for discussion on a Bill which has raised so passionate a struggle between Churchmen and Nonconformists. Mr. Balfour's reputation will be tested anew during the next few weeks. All his ingenuity and eloquence and steadfastness will be required to carry the Bill. He must convince his

own followers and overcome his opponents. Once before in his career, when he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, the call upon him was very critical. His success then was beyond the expectation of his friends. What will their reflections be next Christmas?

"Art in Photography."

The name of Langfier is so celebrated in connection with artistic photography that I need say nothing in support of the beautiful panel portraits that are this week published in *The Sketch* series entitled "Art in Photography." With regard to the actual subjects of the pictures, Miss Ethel Matthews, of course, is famous in the theatrical world for her beauty and cleverness; Miss Gladys Wilson is considered by many people to be the most lovely of all the Wilson girls; whilst Mrs. Kenneth Wilson and Lady Gooch are so well known in Society that the mere mention of their names is enough to recall them to the memory of my readers.

A Versatile Elder Son.

Lord Balcarras, though only just over thirty, has managed to accomplish many noteworthy and, indeed, praiseworthy actions during his short life. He has the right to put two magic groups of letters after his name, that of "F.S.A." and that of "F.S.A.S." Of course, it must be admitted that he was born to greatness. Destined to become, if all

goes well, twenty-seventh Earl of Crawford, he comes of famous Scottish stock. He did well at Eton, and better at Oxford, and immediately after leaving that ancient seat of learning he became Conservative Member for the Chorley Division of Lancashire. Lord Balcarras married, two years ago, Miss Constance Pelly, and he is now the proud father of a son and heir who rejoices in the Scottish name of David Lindsay.

A Valiant Viscount.

Lord Valentia, in spite of the fact that he is already in his sixtieth year, may certainly claim to be the most valiant of Viscounts, for, not content with having much to do with raising the splendid Yeomanry which did such good service in South Africa, he accompanied them to "the Front," and was mentioned in despatches. Lord Valentia, though he is a great Oxfordshire magnate, is an Irishman, and is actually premier Baronet of the "distressful country." He succeeded his grandfather some forty years ago, and has led an active life, equally keen as politician and sportsman; indeed, he was for fourteen years one of the most popular "M.F.H.'s" in the Kingdom. His heir, the Hon. Arthur Annesley, who is in the 10th Hussars, came of age last year, and bids fair to follow in his father's footsteps. Lord Valentia is one of His Majesty's contemporaries whom the Sovereign delights to honour, and he has now been Comptroller of the King's Household for four years, an office which he held previously under Queen Victoria. Lord Valentia's Viscounty is Irish, so that he is able to sit in the House of Commons.



THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

Viscount Villiers. Lord Villiers, though the son of an exceptionally busy Peer and Peeress—for Lord and Lady Jersey are among the most active of their order and are both keenly concerned with the hundred-and-one political, social, and philanthropic events of the day—is one of the few elder sons who are not in Parliament and who have never identified themselves very closely with any great modern movement. Further, he is unmarried, and, as such, one of the great matrimonial *partis* of the Edwardian era. Lord Villiers is fortunate in his two country homes: the one, Osterley Park, is perhaps the most delightful of the half-dozen suburban palaces which lie within easy reach of London and yet enjoy all the amenities of rural life, while Middleton Towers is, in its own way, quite as delightful a residence for one devoted to country pursuits, though it cannot, of course, claim the many extraordinary and varied associations which cluster round the wonderful old house which was created by Lord Villiers's famous ancestor, the banker Child.

A Future Viscount. The Hon. T. C. Agar-Robartes, who came of age last year, is one of those fortunate elder sons whose lines seem destined to be always cast in pleasant places. Lord and Lady Clifden are the parents of nine children, and both in Cornwall and in Cambridgeshire they and their heir are deservedly popular. Mr. Agar-Robartes, almost alone among future Peers, has not elected to supply even the briefest of brief biographies to "Who's Who," therefore modesty must surely be his leading characteristic.

Lady De L'Isle and Dudley. Lady De L'Isle and Dudley is among the best-looking of the widowed Peeresses. Her stepson, the present Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, is unmarried. Before her marriage, Lady De L'Isle and Dudley was Miss Emily Frances Ramsay. She became a widow four years ago, after but few years of married life. Her love of beauty is shown in her more immediate surroundings, and also in her thorough comprehension of that most difficult of modern arts, the art of dress, for she was one of the first great ladies to realise the value of those picturesque modish accessories which add so much to a woman's distinction and charm of appearance.

A New Engagement. An interesting new engagement bids fair to unite two of our oldest and most honoured noble families. The bride-elect, Miss Georgina Hamilton, is one of Lord Holm-Patrick's pretty bevy of sisters; the future bridegroom is Mr. Cecil Pelham, fit bearer of an historic name.



HON. GEORGINA HAMILTON.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

Miss Hamilton is the second of five sisters, and a niece, through her mother, of the Duke of Wellington. Lady Holm-Patrick has in her Irish home many interesting relics of her own and her children's great forbear, the "Iron Duke."

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew.

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Ormonde, is, perhaps, at the present moment the most popular young matron in what Lord Beaconsfield used to call "the high nobility." She is, especially through her mother, who was one of the beautiful daughters of the first Duke of Westminster, related to half the Peerage, and her



LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

marriage to the gallant soldier whose bride she became so shortly after his return from "the Front" provoked more interest than any of the great matrimonial functions of that year. As Lady Beatrice Butler, the elder daughter of Lord Ormonde was naturally considered an Irish belle, and much of her young life was spent in her beloved Irish home, Kilkenny Castle. Her style of beauty is typically Irish, and she is said to have the warm heart and good-nature for which the daughters of the house of Butler have long been famed. Major-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew and his young wife spend much of their time at their beautiful Cornish place, Antony. They are the proud parents of a little son and heir.

Another Irish Beauty.

Lady Kathleen Cole, the daughter of Lord Enniskillen, is one of the most accomplished as well as one of the loveliest of young Irish beauties. She is now the only daughter at home, her younger sister having married three years ago Lord Delamere, the famous big-game hunter. Lady Kathleen is a true Irishwoman, devoted to her delightful country home, Florence Court, situated in good hunting country and close to beautiful Loch Erne.

Lady Wallscourt.

Lady Wallscourt, who is the second wife of the well-known Irish Peer of that name, is one of the brilliant group of beautiful women who form the Irish Viceregal Court. Her father, the late Sir William Palliser, was a popular Member of Parliament, and she has had all her life an intimate acquaintance with the more interesting and intellectual section of Society.

Lady Sophia Montgomerie.

Lady Sophia Montgomerie is one of those few ladies of high birth who have retained their maiden name on marriage or who have resumed it in the pleasantest of ways—that is, by adoption. The eldest daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Eglinton, Lady Sophia married Mr. S. H. Allenby, a wealthy Scottish laird, who, a short time after their marriage, assumed by Royal licence the surname of Montgomerie. Lady Sophia and Mr. Montgomerie are devoted to their own beautiful country, and they own three estates North of the Tweed.

The Duchess of Montrose.

The Duchess of Montrose is one of the lovely sisters, the Misses Graham of Netherby, whose beauty was among the great social sensations at the time of their début. The Duchess is still a beautiful and youthful-looking woman, though she and the Duke celebrated their Silver Wedding last year. The Duke of Montrose saw a great deal of service in South Africa. The Grahams have always been famed for their fighting qualities, and the present head of the family is descended from the great Marquis of Montrose who commanded Charles the First's ill-fated Army in Scotland.

A PAGE OF INTERESTING SOCIETY PEOPLE.



LADY SOPHIA MONTGOMERIE.
Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.
Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



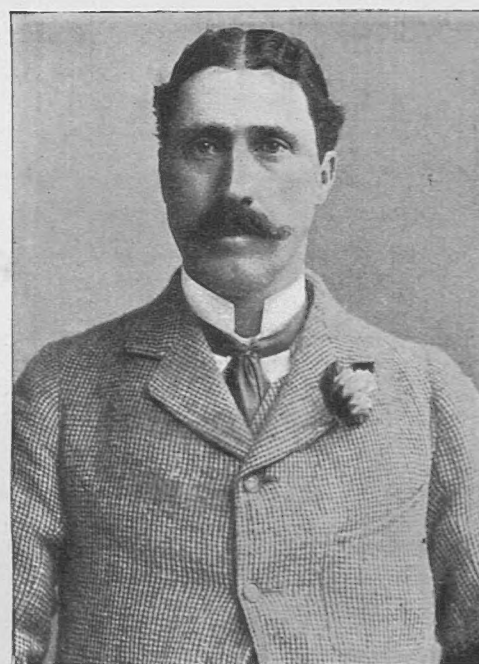
LADY DE L'ISLE.
Photograph by Langier, Old Bond Street, W.



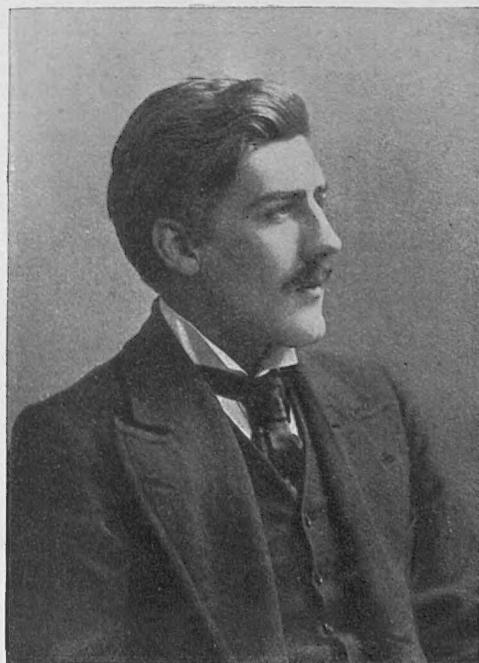
LORD VILLIERS.
Photograph by Gillman, Oxford.



LADY KATHLEEN COLE.
Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



VISCOUNT VALENTIA, M.P.
Photograph by Gillman, Oxford.



LORD BALCARRES, M.P.
Photograph by Gillman, Oxford.



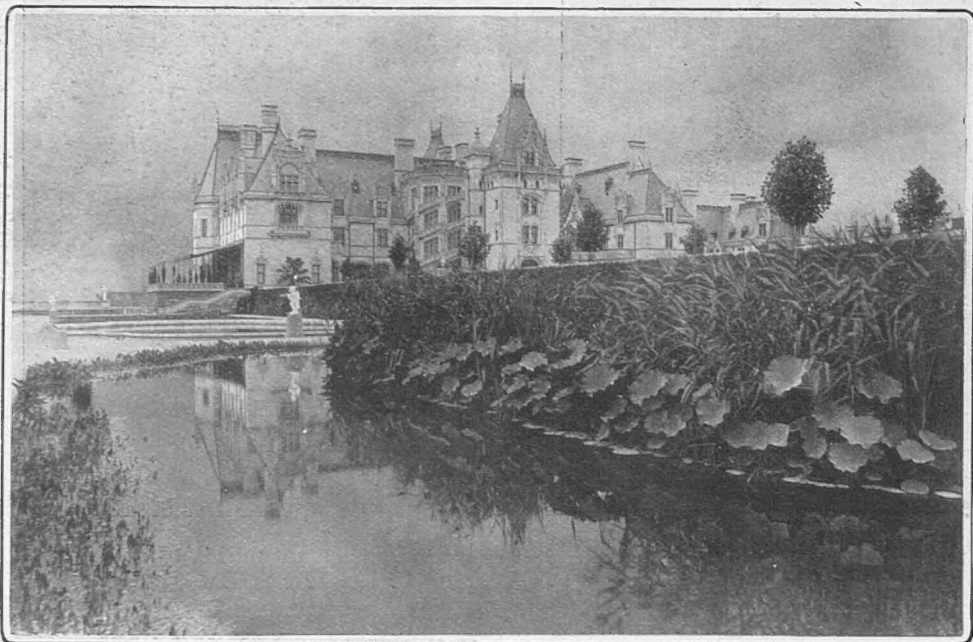
LADY WALLSCOURT.
Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



THE HON. T. C. AGAR-ROBARTES.
Photograph by Gillman, Oxford.

A Palace in North Carolina.

Though the United States cannot boast of ancient castles and historic ruins such as form so great an attraction to the American travelling in the countries of the Old World, it has many mansions which for size, architecture, beauty of surroundings, and internal luxury can vie with anything in the whole world. To the Englishman the name of Carolina probably suggests nothing more than cotton-plantations and



MR. GEORGE VANDERBILT'S HOUSE, "BELTMORE," ASHVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

"Nigger" melodies, but the photograph of the stately home of Mr. George Vanderbilt reproduced herewith shows that "Belmore," situated near Ashville, North Carolina, is a palace of which any Royal Prince or great noble might well be proud.

The "Jewish Encyclopædia."

A very noteworthy appeal, signed by some of the greatest Jewish divines, scholars, philanthropists, and financiers, has been issued on behalf of the "Jewish Encyclopædia," the monumental work now in course of publication by the Funk and Wagnalls Company, of New York. The special object of the appeal is to enroll another thousand subscribers in the British Empire. It is stated in the letter to which the signatures are appended that the cost of the Encyclopædia will not be less than one hundred thousand pounds, and the publication of the twelve volumes will extend over a period of about four years. Needless to say, this vast compilation is in the hands of the greatest living scholars, and it bids fair to be at least one of the most remarkable literary undertakings of the century. It is a very representative list; the great majority of the signatories are men of mark in British Jewry, and some are known throughout a great part of the Old World and the New. Dr. Hermann Adler and Dr. Moses Gaster, who head the list, are the Chief Rabbis of the German and Spanish communities of British Jews respectively.

Is this Defoe's House?

I was much interested to read the announcement that Tooting Hall was for sale—not that I know much about either the house or the place, but because it was said that Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," once lived there. Novelists were advised to seek inspiration by becoming the possessor of Tooting Hall and, presumably, to use as a study the back-room in which, so it was said, Defoe had written several of his delightful stories. Now, however, Mr. W. E. Morden writes to the *Westminster Gazette* that Defoe could not have lived at Tooting Hall, as the place was originally built in 1784 for a parish workhouse. He says, too, that the point was definitely settled in the "History of Tooting Graveney," published a few years back. Well, I take no side in the question, but merely present a picture of the house to *Sketch* readers.

The Duke of Abercorn's Pages.

On the opposite page you will find an excellent portrait of the Duke of Abercorn's pages. These fortunate young gentlemen appear to have been chosen to wear the lovely uniform depicted for more reasons than one, since you may note that they progress in size from a little lad of about three feet high to a youth of comparatively colossal stature. The pretty dress is, of course, not worn in everyday life, but only on State and other great occasions.

Lord Charles Beresford.

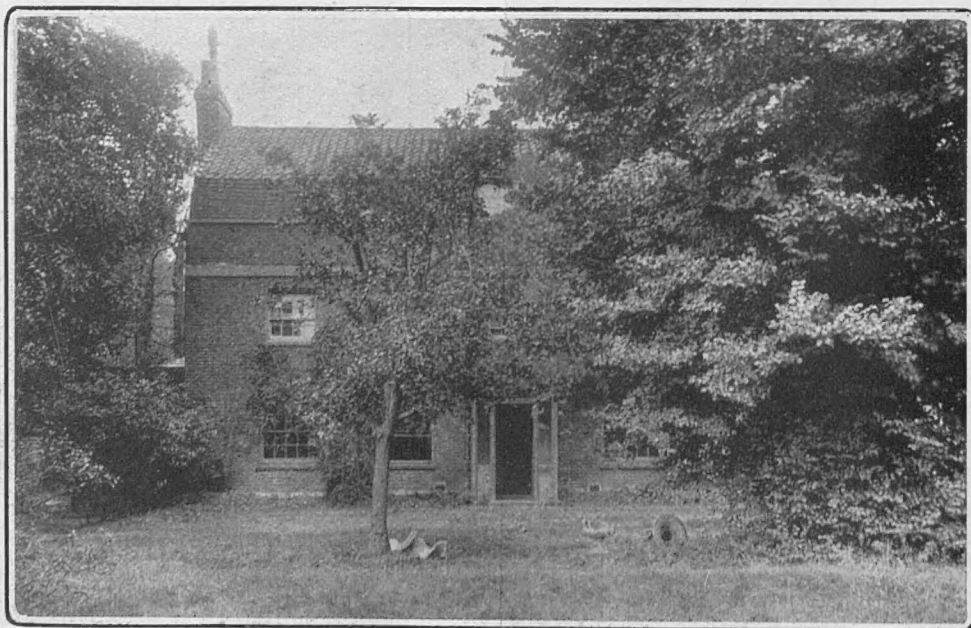
If Lord Charles Beresford should justify the faith that is in a certain section of the daily Press by becoming Commander of the Channel Fleet, it will give many men with a purely outside interest in the working of the Admiralty mind "furiously to think." Such an appointment would compel Lord Beresford to throw up the Parliamentary career from which a certain section of Press and public looked for sensations, and would put him once again completely in the hands of the officials he has criticised so severely. The folk who believe that Lord Charles Beresford will command the Channel Squadron surely overlook Sir Gerard Noel, Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves and Commander-in-Chief of the Home Squadron, who in the ordinary course of events would have the offer of the coveted post. Opinion seems curiously divided among the naval men to whom I have spoken of Lord Beresford. All agree in praising him for the possession of the qualities that an Englishman rates most highly, but some blame him for attacking the Admiralty administration, and others for not sticking to the attacks. Some hint that he was not quite alert enough in dealing with certain gentlemen with tendencies to agitate who shall for once be nameless. Even a brilliant sailor like Lord Beresford cannot well afford to divide his time between politics and seafaring. Either of the two is sufficient occupation for a man who wishes to shine at it; between the two a very good man may come heavily to the ground. The command of the Channel Fleet will be vacant next spring.

The New Streets.

It is to be hoped that the London County Council will not carry out the intention of the majority to call one of the new streets off the Strand "Gladstone Crescent," as such a name would inevitably provoke a great deal of unpleasant feeling. The street in question, being a curve, must, I suppose, be called Something Crescent, and there is no name so fitting as that of the Queen. The main road running from the Strand to Holborn will, I trust, not be called anything so commonplace as "street" or "road." By far the two best suggestions are "The King's Way" and "Alexandra Crescent," and it is to be hoped that the Council will adopt them, as they will please everyone.

Lady Airlie and Dundee.

The recent presentation of the Freedom of Dundee to Lady Airlie, in recognition of the gallantry and generosity of her late husband, the brilliant cavalry officer who fell in South Africa, was dignified with a touch of pathos which rarely attends such functions. Lady Airlie is a daughter of the fifth Earl of Arran, and her little son is now nine years old. She married the late Earl in 1886. In presenting the Freedom, Lord Provost Hunter alluded in feeling terms to her brave husband's death, and Lady Airlie, who possesses the gift of true eloquence, said she accepted the honour with great humility, as done to the memory of one who proved both by his life and his death that he was worthy to receive it, and by whose side she might, had things been otherwise, have stood that day to see him receive the casket. It is one of the sad ironies of fate that an officer who had served in Afghanistan, Egypt, and the Soudan with great distinction should be specially promoted to command a crack regiment only to die at its head in the moment of victory in his next campaign, and that the honour should be received by his sorrowing widow.



TOOTING HALL, WHERE DANIEL DEFOE IS SAID TO HAVE LIVED.

*Return of the
Guards.*

The first contingent of the Guards to arrive home from South Africa was composed of the 1st Coldstream and the 1st Scots Guards, which battalions landed at Southampton from the *Winifredian* on Saturday, the 4th. Since then the 2nd and 3rd Grenadiers and the 2nd Coldstream have

at the Borough, the Mayor and Corporation presented an address, and the Duke of Connaught, as Colonel of the regiment, headed the battalion on its march to the Victoria Barracks, the thousands of spectators lining the route giving the gallant Scots a most enthusiastic reception. On the Monday, His Royal Highness distributed the



The Duke of Connaught.

OFFICERS OF THE FIRST SCOTS GUARDS WITH THEIR COLONEL, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

landed, the 2nd Scots being due on the 21st. But while it has been the rather unfortunate experience of most of the Guards battalions to go straight from the ship to Aldershot without any special demonstration of welcome, the 1st Scots have been more fortunate, since the battalion is for the present to form the garrison at Royal Windsor. On arrival

South African war-medals to the officers and men of the battalion and welcomed them home in a soldierly and eloquent little speech. When this ceremony was over, the Duke, Colonel the Hon. C. Harbord (in command of the Scots), and the other officers and Staff were photographed in a group near the entrance to the principal quarters.



THE DUKE OF ABERCORN'S PAGES.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

Gladiators at the Oxford.

Visitors to the Oxford had recently an opportunity of enjoying a novel "turn" which, besides appealing to the Englishman's inborn love of anything in the way of athletics, well illustrated the more deadly forms of sport which delighted the ancient Greeks and Romans. Mr. Launceston Elliot and Mr.

Montague Spencer, two muscular athletes of over six feet high, posed in statuesque attitudes, amid realistic surroundings, in tableaux of "Trident and Net," and the former exhibited his enormous strength in lifting bar-bells and carrying two black attendants held at arm's-length above his head. Then came the combat of the Pancratium, when the black attendants removed the togas and put on the cestus for the encounter. In this case, fortunately, the cestus was not so deadly as in ancient times, when, in the Roman arena, combatants were often killed, and even in the Greek amphitheatres, though the killing of an opponent was attended with severe penalties, the contest always ended in the disablement of



MR. LAUNCESTON ELLIOT AS HE APPEARS IN HIS ATHLETIC "TURN" AT THE HALLS.

one of the combatants. At the finish, a transformation-scene showed the ruins of an ancient amphitheatre, in the centre of which a woman draped in white presented a laurel wreath to the victor.

Mr. Charles Morton can gauge the taste of the London public as well as any man living, and at the Palace Theatre of Varieties you may always rely on a bright and amusing entertainment. One of his

latest "turns" is a little sketch by Messrs. E. Ferris and B. P. Mathews, entitled "Settled Out of Court." The characters in this are cleverly played by Mr. Charles Rock and Miss Ethel Hollingshead, a niece of the veteran Mr. John Hollingshead, so well known in times gone by as the popular Manager of the Gaiety, and more lately as a contributor of interesting theatrical and other reminiscences to various periodicals, including *The Sketch*.

Miss Viola Tree.

Favoured of the gods, in the Tennysonian sense, is Miss Viola Beerbohm Tree, the daughter of the popular actor-manager of His Majesty's Theatre and his clever wife. With such a parentage, it was inevitable that Miss Tree should have talent, though at present she shows no intention of emulating the example of her father and mother and making acting her vocation. Still, she follows one of the sister arts and has a genius for dancing, as has been demonstrated at several amateur performances, in which, too, her comeliness of feature and form have been often brought into requisition in tableaux. In addition to that accomplishment, Miss Tree has a very happy gift as an artist, with a certain facility for catching a likeness, a fact in which she resembles Lady Granby, who is a great friend of her family. On one occasion Miss Tree did play professionally. This was at a "Command" performance before the late Queen Victoria, when she appeared as one of the pages in



MISS VIOLA TREE, DAUGHTER OF MR. BEERBOHM TREE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"The Ballad-Monger." She also had the honour of receiving a souvenir from the Queen, whose fondness for children caused her to have the little girl presented to her. With childlike *naïveté*, so it has always been said, when the Queen held out her hand, the little damsel grasped it and shook it cordially, with a "How do you do, Ma'am?" When she was even smaller, she wanted a pony, and proceeded to inform her father of the fact. "But, my child," said Mr. Tree, "a pony costs a lot of money." "Well, why don't you learn to act better and make more money, so that I can have my pony?" was her very pertinent reply.

Lord Kitchener's Programme.

Lord Kitchener's arrival is being eagerly awaited in Egypt, where great preparations have been made for his reception. At the erstwhile headquarters of the Mahdi, Khartoum, a grand fête has been organised, for, strange to say, the man who has been pictured as a sort of military ogre has the knack of winning not only the respect but even affection of those who serve under him. Even the Egyptian soldiers have followed the career of their late Sirdar with interest and admiration, and the Land of the Pharaohs is anxious to do honour to the man to whom it owes so much. Lord Kitchener will, doubtless, enjoy the rest his voyage will allow him, for during the past few weeks he has been doing so much visiting that even he must feel a little tired. On the 7th he dined with the Fishmongers' Company, and last Monday he was entertained by the Naval and Military Club.



MISS ETHEL HOLLINGSHEAD.

Photograph by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*Is Paris
Collapsing?*

It is no way a scare cry. For months past the most serious journals have studied the question as to whether the Eglise de Sacré-Cœur on the summit of the hill of Montmartre will not rive the hill in two, and crush out old Montmartre in its doom (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). As to fissures, they are there; and, with the opening of the Metropolitan Railway, the vibration will be tremendous. But it has come as a blow to Paris to hear that its most prized modern monument, Le Grand Palais, is a mere husk. It was the glory of the Champs-Élysées, and it was a fairy *coup d'œil* right over to the Invalides.

*Exhibition Back-
Stairs.*

It was one of the worst bumbles in that Exhibition so full of disasters. The architects warned Alfred Picard, the Director, that it would cost more for the structure if it was intended to be permanent,

the foundation than the land was saturated by the Seine, but Picard absolutely refused to increase the grant. The beautiful palace, which Parisians have regarded as a joy and glory to Lutetia, was rushed up like a gilded toy and handed over. The excitement of the Exhibition over, the architects asked for a grant of £32,000 to save the beautiful buildings, but the price was regarded in ridicule. It is too late now, for the fissures are everywhere in the basement, and a hard frost and a rapid thaw may see the end of the pretty butterfly, and the splendid avenue will be an eyesore instead of a beauty-spot.

Change the old phrase a little and put it, "What fools these Immortals be!" The famous Forty Immortals have been on the gridiron this week, to the huge delight of all the world of letters. With a simplicity that would have done credit to a child of twelve, the ultra-worldly Lavedan and Claretie bought as original autograph letters of famous people from one Simon, a specialist in penmanship in Spain. Lavedan regrets having got the man arrested, for the joke is already in the *revues*.

I have no doubt that English ladies in particular, in getting on their cloaks in French cafés, have swept glasses on the floor, only to be assured that the accident involved no charge. It seems that this may be changed and nasty bills handed in. It appears, from a case in the Seine Court, that the waiters are responsible for all breakages and are deducted from their salaries in proportion. The Court decided that it was a disgraceful state of affairs and held the proprietor responsible. This means that it will all fall on the customers. Ware ladies!

Zola's Last March. The funeral of Zola was pointless to anyone who had not seen the events of four years ago. Zola was then the execrated man of Paris and Dreyfus was a prisoner. I remember as if it was yesterday the crowd outside the Palais de Justice, as far as the eye could reach, flinging lighted journals into the air and yelling for the blood of the author of "J'accuse." And as I saw his coffin pass into the Cemetery of Montmartre—to lie, strangely enough, by the tomb of one Suzanne Rougon—and with Alfred

Dreyfus with the haggard face that will follow his sufferings on the Devil's Island to the grave, and everyone with bared head, it seemed that the epoch was a nightmare. I am informed that Madame Zola will sell the house in the Rue de Bruxelles. As I judge them, his art treasures are a splendid example of the Master's mind utterly unbiassed by fame. Many would fetch only the value of the frame in an ordinary sale, but there is little doubt that disproportionate prices will be paid to secure souvenirs.

*The Press
Victorious.*

The most Homeric fight between the French Press critics and the theatres is at an end, and the critics have all the smile on their side. The system prevailed till last June, when Sardou, seconded by Pierre Decourcelle, induced the Society of Dramatic Authors to do away with the Press rehearsal given on the night previous to the *première*. The

system of England was largely mentioned, and it was useless for the critics to insist that most French journals were printed at midnight. The critics issued an ultimatum: "If we cannot honestly do our duty to our paper, to the author, and to the actors and actresses, we shall be silent." And silence prevailed. This meant sheer ruin to the lesser-known actresses of talent, for the column dealing with their dresses was wiped out, and the costumiers, who had supplied at enormous reductions, saw the advertisement suppressed. The Society has given in, and the critic, without an effort, triumphs.

As I heard to-day, the Ring and the Pad-dock will be strangely devoid of old faces next spring when the French Jockey Club has had its say. Sundry take time by the forelock and choose other climates.

In her Norway-German wanderings, Sarah Bernhardt is making friends at every step. At Copenhagen her idolised Queen of England congratulated her with the rest of the Danish Court. Her little tour will, I fancy, see the Kaiser in a good humour and on shake-hand terms, and forgetful of the Diva's advanced

patriotism. At any rate, I think she will play at Berlin before the Kaiser, and His Highness would be a dolt if he did not visit her *loge*.

The "Thunderer" It is with profound regret that I hear of the illness of M. de Blowitz, the "Thunderer" of the *Times*, and to whom no Embassy in Europe holds any secret. I hesitate to believe that he is suffering from more than the ordinary ailments that are gratuitously offered at this change of season. When I saw him on *Sketch* business a few weeks ago, he looked tired, but his constitution and temperament could treat that as a trifle.

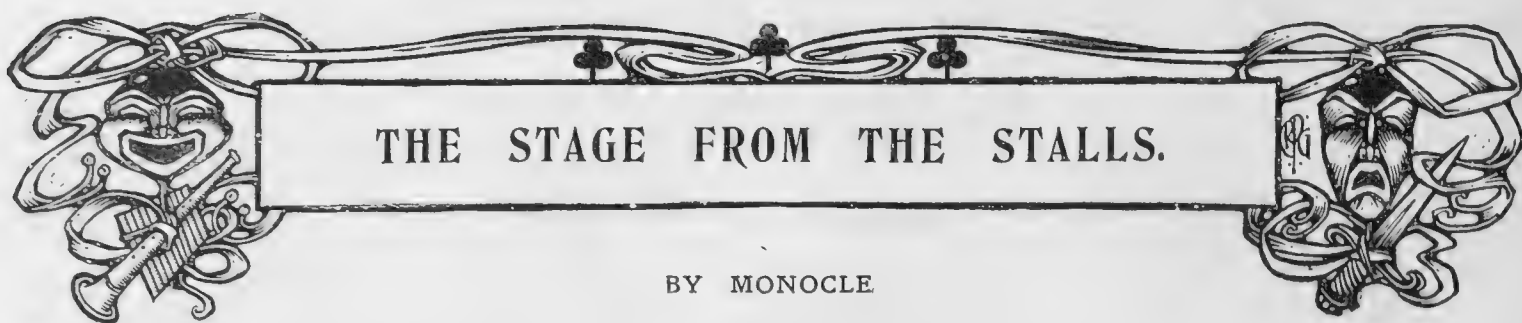
IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have forwarded interesting photographs for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written clearly on the back of each portrait and view submitted.



MISS NELLIE YU-KENG (DAUGHTER OF THE CHINESE MINISTER IN PARIS) DRESSED AS A JAPANESE DANCING-GIRL.

Photograph by C. Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE

THE ROYALTY PROGRAMME, "A CHINESE HONEYMOON," AND "THE WISDOM OF FOLLY."

THE criticisms on the new farce at the Royalty have been curious. Some have treated "Sporting Simpson" as quite inept and unworthy of discussion; one spoke of it as if, like another play at the Royalty, "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," it actually died on the first-night; while some, if few, have given guarded praise to Miss Martindale's work, and one, at least, has written enthusiastically concerning it. One might suggest that it is, or should be, the duty of the critic of a weekly paper to examine the opinions of the earlier critics and pronounce a kind of judgment based on them; but this would not be endurable, nor, indeed, serviceable, since the opinions must be taken in relation to the personal idiosyncrasies of their authors and demand unlimited inquiry. In nothing does the so-called personal equation enter more strongly than the opinions of the critics. According to my personal idiosyncrasy, the insufficiency of the work is clear. It is even so amateurish as not to be long enough—a charge which, I fancy, I have rarely made. "Sporting Simpson" consists of three "snippets"—beautiful word—of farce which, alas, cannot be called "tit-bits." I imagine that the people who read the peculiar kind of literature which embraces "sporting novels" would be amused, if rather vexed by the insufficiency of matter, and that the piece, treated as a kind of overgrown *lever de rideau*, might have a big success in hunting counties, and yet even there I fear that the critic would protest. For, according to my limited ignorance of the riding of horses, no steed could accomplish the hitherto unprecedented leap with a bad rider on its back; it might do it without a rider, or even, perhaps, with his dead weight judiciously disposed, but not with one who, unlike a good rider, is unable positively to assist the animal to support the handicap of his weight.

To me, the most interesting consideration lies in the moral aspect of the farce—the phrase sounds rather absurd, and yet may be justifiable. Here is Miss Martindale, a young lady of some talent and, doubtless, with a keen sense of honour, and she writes a farce which exhibits an abominable conspiracy in what one may call a sympathetically humorous manner. Clearly we are not intended to be horrified by the conduct of the hero. Simpson, "a good sort," is a rich young vulgarian who falls in love with a pretty girl, daughter of a sporting squire ruined by "the Sport of Kings." Her aristocratic brother is willing that Simpson shall marry the girl and restore the fortunes of the family, but fears she will refuse him because he is not a hunting-man. It is therefore arranged that, in order to dupe the girl, Simpson shall pretend to be great after the hounds. Accordingly, in the second Act he alleges that he intentionally made the amazing leap, and in the third that he rode the winner of a steeplechase, though, in fact, the butler, made up to resemble him—of course, there was no real resemblance—was actually the jockey. Consequently, pretty Miss Molly falls in love with the gross impostor and weds him. I speak without indignation or even sorrow when I ask why a standard of life should be put forward in farce as permissible—one might even say, meritorious—which in real life would be considered cowardly and contemptible. Of course, Miss Martindale may plead mighty precedent in "Cyrano de Bergerac," and perhaps Simpson with his riding-whip is little less ignoble than Cyrano with his *panache*; and there is the old phrase about everything being fair in love and war, which is about the most disgustingly untrue proverb in the world, and, perhaps, I may add, the most universally disbelieved—at least, so far as war is concerned. Indeed, in the case of love, it is only on the stage that trickery and lying are deemed to be excused by the plea of love; even in novels we have gone beyond an idea fit to be matched with savage customs of getting a bride by force. Of course, the authoress, who merely followed tradition, is not to be blamed, but I cannot help suggesting that in farce a higher standard of conduct might be aimed at with a great gain in humour. I am hardly giving such a counsel of perfection as to suggest that people should write farces without the aid of lies and deception, though I wonder that some ambitious writer does not attempt such a *tour de force*.

It is injurious to "Sporting Simpson" that it should follow "Milky White," a mid-Victorian drama hardly more antique in method than the new work, and far stronger. Mr. Craven's piece is really interesting as a study of old-fashioned technique, and, to the uncritical playgoer, a vigorous, effective play into the bargain. There may be almost as much of soliloquy and aside as of dialogue, and jokes, no doubt, are thrust in without consideration of time or place; perhaps, too, the characters in part are conventional, but throughout there is a powerful sense of stage effect, some of the jokes are funny, and the characters lend themselves admirably to acting. Save in "Fennel," Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's version of "Le Luthier de Crémone," I have

never seen Mr. Giddens attempt such an ambitious part as that of the old dairyman, some passages of which he played exceedingly well. Miss Lettice Fairfax shows rapid advance in her art, and ere long her skill and personal charm will enable her to make quite a big "hit."

"A Chinese Honeymoon" has reached its first anniversary, and I do not see why it should not reach a dozen, though I hardly propose to pay twelve visits in the flesh. On the first-night it scarcely seemed to have such staying power, but the public has taken kindly to it, and there is no more to be said. No doubt, the curious personality of Miss Louie Freear is the chief element of its popularity, but Miss Marie Dainton's graceful dancing and clever imitations help the piece enormously. It seems to me that all the changes in the affair—save, perhaps, the loss of Miss Beatrice Edwards—are beneficial, and in particular the appearance of Mr. Arthur Williams as Mr. Pineapple is advantageous, since his work is less violently comic than that of the original. This may be a matter of mere personal prejudice, and, perhaps, I should be blamed for not caring about jokes hurled at me so vigorously as by Mr. Lionel Rignold, who, however, certainly made many a "hit" among the playgoers.

The new programme at the Comedy Theatre began agreeably. Mr. Walter Frith's piece, "The Iron Duke," may not be magnificent and may hardly be drama, but is at least a pleasant anecdote concerning a great if really unlovable man, told very neatly and reticently. For there were times when it seemed as if the author were going to sentimentalise the very hard warrior, but at the last moment he held back and we had merely a hint instead of the deluge which a less artistic writer would have let loose upon us. Mr. Cartwright caught the spirit of his part admirably, and Master Sidney Carlyle played the character of an Eton boy with surprising skill; at least, I ought not to say surprising, as I have been surprised a dozen times in the last few years by the acting of some child barely in its teens, and the painful thought assails me that many brave theories are wrong and that acting comes by nature and is ruined by art.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton seemed determined to prove that his title, "The Wisdom of Folly," has nothing in it: he has shown folly in abundance in choice of theme and treatment, and fails to exhibit any wisdom in the policy. A more amazing instance of wasted wit I cannot remember. His work suggests the idea of a would-be architect who seeks fame by taking one of the corrugated-iron chapels and sticking on to it a crowd of ornamental features, some really beautiful, some merely so-so, and a few no better in style than the body of the building. Considered simply as a play, "The Wisdom of Folly" is inferior to "Sporting Simpson"; the plot is childish, the story-telling utterly clumsy, and the central character, Mrs. Rose, is really a lunatic. For a woman with a memory so bad that she accepts offers of marriage from three men in short consecutive scenes, in each case forgetting the other offer, is fit for a lunatic asylum. Now, the humours of lunacy do not really come within the range of art at all. Yet Mr. Hamilton by his play shows—what some of us knew already—that he has an amazingly keen and fertile wit, fine sense of humour, and fine observation. Apparently he has conceived the ridiculously wrong idea that the matter of a farce—for it is sheer impudence to call his piece "a comedy"—is unimportant, and that dialogue will save anything. He is more audacious than "G. B. S." in his play-writing, but there is this marked difference—one can see that "G. B. S." breaks rules wittingly and intentionally, whilst Mr. Hamilton apparently sins in ignorance. Consequently, whilst there is freshness and even originality in the eccentricities of Mr. Shaw, the author of "The Wisdom of Folly" merely exaggerates the defects of the most commonplace hacks.

Why is one so deeply irritated by a piece which, I confess, gave me a great deal of laughter by means of its many brilliant lines, and why write against it so fiercely? Simply because nothing is so exasperating as the waste of fine quality. If a man without Mr. Hamilton's wit had written a farce on the same lines, I should have sat still in placid boredom till the audience stopped the play. I should have yawned—behind my programme—and tried to think of something else, but at the Comedy I was all attention. I was anxious not to miss any of the good things, and many were so badly mumbled that it was difficult to catch them. Sleep and indifference were out of the question. Every time that the author used his stock device of making each of Mrs. Rose's admirers go through the same scene with her—it must save time in play-writing to put at the end of a scene "*da capo* twice, substituting Jones for Brown and then Robinson for Jones"—I had a pang of hope that some fine, unexpected stroke of humour would appear, but each time came disappointment instead.



MISS MADGE LESSING.

(SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XIV.—ASTON CLINTON.

ASTON CLINTON is thought by good judges to be the most charming of the group of country-houses which belong to the various members of the Rothschild family and to their immediate descendants; indeed, this typically English homestead gains rather than loses by contrast with its stately neighbour, Waddesdon.

The long, low, white building is unpretentious in general design, and was originally bought by Sir Anthony de Rothschild from a well-known Aylesbury banker. Both the house and the estate have been, of course, very much improved and altered; but the general appearance of the fine square old manor has not been altered, and any additions made are charmingly picturesque, while the views from all the windows command most lovely prospects.

Both Lady Battersea, the only surviving child of the late Sir Anthony, and his widow, the venerable châtelaine of Aston Clinton, were interested in gardening long before horticulture became a fashionable hobby; accordingly, the gardens of Aston Clinton are extraordinarily fine and full of rare and interesting plants and shrubs which have had time to become acclimatised to the soil of that part of Buckinghamshire. Fortunately, Lord Battersea is as keen a horticulturist as is his wife, and both at The Pleasaunce, their place at Overstrand, and at Aston Clinton Lord Battersea gives up much time and thought to the practical beautifying of the grounds; this is specially true of Lady Battersea's early home, where he is able to show his versatility by his further remarkable knowledge of all that concerns dairy-farming, for the model farm of Aston Clinton is justly famed, especially for its herd of Jersey cows, all bred in this country and the winners of innumerable prizes.

The interior of Aston Clinton is arranged in a very artistic and original manner. The rooms are not large, but the corridor connecting the principal apartments is very fine, and full of beautiful things collected by the late Sir Anthony de Rothschild, his daughter, and his son-in-law. Particularly beautiful is the china, arranged in such a fashion that it adds to the general artistic effect, instead of, as is too often the case, detracting from it. Lady de Rothschild's boudoir is hung with some very fine tapestry, and the white panelling in the dining-room was carved by one of those sixteenth-century Dutch artists who seem to have proved the truth of Carlyle's oft-quoted saying concerning genius and the capacity for taking pains. The drawing-room of Aston Clinton also contains many works of art which might well find a place in one of the world-famous collections, and among hundreds of curios delightful to youthful visitors is the

old clock, one of those conceits in which the Eastern world so delights, and which shows a mighty Sovereign walking in a procession, while above his head waves the Royal umbrella.

Scarce a room, and, indeed, scarce a passage, in Aston Clinton but contains signs of the cultivated taste of its owners, past and present. Pictures are here, there, and everywhere, sharing the space with

books, etchings, and prints. Sir Anthony de Rothschild was a generous patron of painters and etchers, and was always ready to back his own taste in the most practical manner possible. This somewhat rare love of new forms of creative art is shared by his son-in-law, who has in his London house one of the finest collections of modern paintings extant, and whose study at Aston Clinton contains, in addition to a really remarkable series of amateur photographs (for there is no more enthusiastic amateur expert living), a number of water-colours and engravings, each chosen with reference to their intrinsic interest or artistic value.

A delightful feature of Aston Clinton is a splendid winter-garden, or conservatory, which has been so arranged as to be, in a sense, a part of the long corridor or gallery to which reference has been already made, and this is a constant source of pleasure and interest to Lady de Rothschild, bringing, as it were, the varied delights of leaf, fruit, and blossom into the house itself.

Both Lady Battersea and her mother show a most practical interest in the welfare of their poorer neighbours. Anthony Hall, a fine building erected by Sir Anthony's widow as a tribute to his memory, forms a centre not only for those who live in the neighbourhood, but also for many practical philanthropists who meet there at the invitation of Lady Battersea. The Aston Clinton Coffee Tavern is also another benefaction conferred on the place by the Rothschild family, and very successful has been the Training Home for Girls, an institution which might well be a model to all others and which locally has solved that difficult modern problem—the servant question. Of Lord and Lady

Battersea there is more to be said than can be told in a brief paragraph. Both keenly concerned with all that is going on in the political, artistic, and philanthropic worlds, they are among those whom the nation should delight to honour, for they have done all in their power to make happier and better the many large circles of human beings with whom they are brought in contact. Lady Battersea has the energy of her wonderful race, and she is ardently interested in all that affects the welfare of her own sex. This autumn she will give a practical illustration of this fact by presiding over the Congress of the National Union of Women Workers at Edinburgh.



ASTON CLINTON HOUSE: ONE OF THE ENTRANCE-GATES.



A CHARMING POOL IN THE GROUNDS OF ASTON CLINTON HOUSE.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.

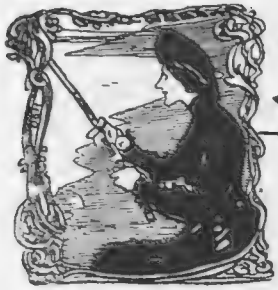


ASTON CLINTON HOUSE, THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE SEAT OF LORD AND LADY BATTERSEA.



THE CONSERVATORY AND NORTH WING.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.



SPORTING LEAVES

FROM: THE
DIARY: OF:
AN: ACTIVE
AUTUMN



VII.—WITH ROD AND LINE.

IT is not easy to waste a day when you breakfast at seven and the morning post must be out of the house by half-past eight. There are "soft" days, as they call them here, when the guns may well be laid aside and bicycles are impossible, when the land has a drenched, sodden, and most unhappy appearance; but, on a sudden, the wind



BOOK AND
A CAMP-STOOL

early autumn weather, for the swallows flit over the water in pursuit of the flies, and kingfishers dash suddenly from the banks to mid-stream and strike some little fish with unerring aim, their plumage all a-glitter as the shafts of sunlight pierce through the trees and fall upon it. The tiny trout throw themselves out of water in pursuit of the flies, and there seems to be a wonderful joy of life and indifference to death among them all. Sometimes, when I am at a point of the burn that commands a long stretch of the water up or down, I can see a heron or two fishing quietly and successfully, and many a time I have seen one flying towards me, probably from some wood amid the hills, and lighting only a few yards away with never a splash that might disturb its prey. The stroke is marvellously quick and sure; nothing, though it be as slippery as an eel, can get away when once the heron has aimed. I would rejoice to be as sure a marksman.

When the clouds are hiding the hill-tops and there are sudden gusts of cold rain and the burn is swollen and thick, there are fewer attractions in the fields beyond, but the sport is proportionately improved. One can go along the burn and raise the trout with a worm, or seek some of the pools amid the hills, pools that are constantly fed by pipes from the hillside, and there big trout will often rise to a well-selected fly, and two or three wet hours may yield a basketful of fine speckled beauties that make a breakfast-dish second to none. And, strange though it may appear, you will not have been at the most secluded pool on the country-side for half-an-hour before you have a visitor, sometimes a couple—a stray farm-labourer or tramp or passer-by, scanning the fields and roads, has marked you and wants to see what sport you are getting. Often one of these stray visitors will have some local knowledge, some hint as to the choice of fly that will turn bad sport into good in five short minutes, and a little later he will move off as silently as he came, and you will see him no more. Dressed more fantastically, he might pass well for the spirit of the little loch.

At times I am afraid that these afternoons and evenings are not spent as industriously as I intended them to be, but they come generally after a long day on the hillside or in the woods, and are valuable in more ways than one. They all bring little items of knowledge in their train, and leave the most casual observer better informed about some details of the varied life around him. And even the little burn has its gala-days. When the winter has set in and the autumn rains have swollen the stream and deepened the waters, turning them brown with the debris of storms, the great salmon come in from the sea to leave their eggs in the favoured places. Rumour has it that many of these incoming fish meet an end that the legislative assemblies of the land have striven to prevent, but this is no more than rumour. I do not know the burn in its winter aspect, when the big fish arrive; I know it only when the salmon-fry are dapping through the shallows.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

will rise and carry away the greater part of the moisture, the sun will peep out, just as though he could not find it in his heart to neglect so lovely a part of the world for long, and the face of the earth changes in a few minutes. So "soft" days are not taken too seriously, and they afford the finest opportunities for fishing.

There is a little burn that runs brawling over the stones not half-a-mile away from the house, narrow enough for the trees on either bank to join their branches into a canopy above its head—a place to which few fisher-folk come, partly because it is private and partly because there is one of the best sporting rivers in Scotland two hours' walk from here across country. You can wander along the banks for a mile or more without meeting a stranger, and the shelter of the trees gives fine opportunity for observing the birds in the fields around. The burn's attractions are unfailing, because they do not depend upon the weather; on a very fine day you can take a book and a camp-stool as well as a rod, and be grateful to the trout for leaving the attractions of flies or worm severely alone, since their neglect gives ample justification for a quiet read or a lounge with a pair of good field-glasses for company. The plover, partridges, and even hares may be studied carefully and at one's ease, and the flight of higher-flying birds, such as the wood-pigeons, or the effect of the appearance of some great hawk before whose approach every bird cowers in mortal terror. From the burn's side, too, one can see the edge of the wood and watch its denizens as they come and go: it would be hard to find a prettier view at eventide. At that time, however, the banks of the burn claim no small part of the attention in fine summer or



STRAY VISITORS

"WHAT IS IT?"

PHROSO, THE WONDERFUL MECHANICAL DOLL AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.



(SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")

Photographs by Frank Parker, London.

NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

I.—THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

AS a thoroughly up-to-date, twentieth-century hive of industry, New York has, undoubtedly, many remarkable institutions. The articles which will appear in *The Sketch*, accompanied by photographs, will attempt to give the reader an accurate picture of some of New York's most characteristic features.

To begin with the Fire Department. New York is justly proud of it. It has to cope with difficulties which few other Fire Departments in the world encounter. High buildings lift themselves into skyland; in winter water freezes tight in the mains, and, not infrequently, fire has to be fought in a blizzard, with snow six feet deep.

New York's fire-engines are much larger than those of London; they weigh more, have to throw water to greater heights in larger volumes, and their pumping capacity is enormous. Most of the New York engines can deliver eleven hundred gallons of water per minute.

New York's fire-fighting force is divided into eighty-six Companies, twelve men forming a Company. Nine of these Companies are "double"—that is, having one Company on duty while the other is in reserve. A section of the city is allotted to each Company, and the Chief of Battalion in that section is responsible to the Fire Commissioners for the welfare of that particular district.

The fire-houses belonging to the various Companies are peculiar in construction. The men sleep in a dormitory, or common room, usually on the top floor of a three-storey building. In the centre of this dormitory is a species of well, or open space, cut right down through the flooring to the street-level. Through this opening runs a pole, very slippery, very shiny, always in a state of high polish. It is known as the "sliding-pole." When the alarm-bell sounds in the dormitory, the men jump into their clothes, fall over the railing of the well-like space, and slide down the pole with the agility of monkeys. Half-a-minute from the bed to the street is the average time for a fireman to "get to business." The men sleep partly dressed. Special clasp-buttons on their suits need only pressing together to be "buttoned." A man is in his clothes and down the pole while you are reading two lines of this article.

When an alarm sounds in a New York engine-house, a clockwork mechanism releases the chain which stretches across the horses' stalls. The animals are trained to run to their places under the harness; the harness drops on the backs of the horses and is buckled by four straps. Time, fifteen seconds from first strike of alarm. The engine goes clattering down the street, its great gong ringing incessantly. Each engine carries two engine-men and a driver. In London, the coming of an engine is announced by a great shout; in New York, no shouting is done. The gong on the front of the engine sounds clamorously, and the whistle of the engine keeps up a continuous shrill "toot."

Each Company-house contains an engine and a hose-reel or waggon. The hose-waggons are drawn by two horses, and carry fifteen hundred feet of small hose, two sections of large hose for connecting

to mains, small scaling-ladders, life-belts and lines, and a life-net, also a small gun for shooting a rope over a high roof.

Going along with the engine and hose-waggon will be, in response to most New York alarms, what is known as a "Hook-and-ladder" Company—a long waggon-body carrying ladders; each ladder is eighty feet long when fully extended, and is composed of a number of small ladders, from ten to fifty feet in length. It reaches the fire about the same time as the hose-reel, and there is often a close race between the two. When the ladder arrives at the fire, it is operated

by cranks worked by the Company whose principal contingent has arrived on the hose-wheel waggon. "Hook-and-ladder" Companies in New York take the place of the fire-escapes of London.

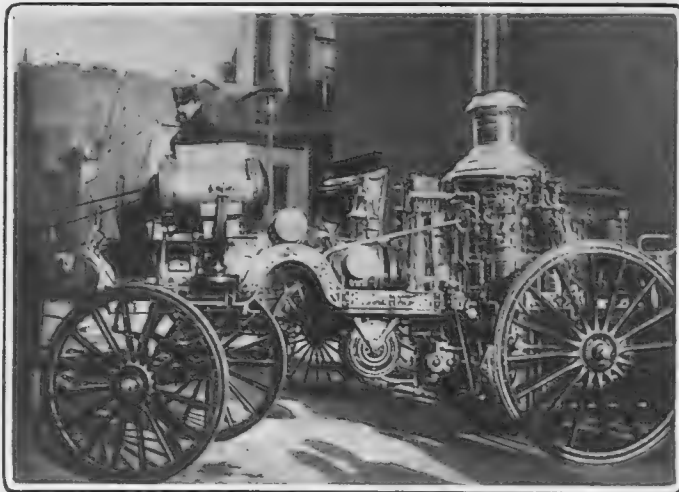
When the fire occurs in a district where the buildings are more than six storeys high, the "water-tower" is brought into requisition. This is a unique appliance. It is used in conjunction with the hook-and-ladder work. It is drawn by three horses. The water-tower is merely a high iron frame, lying horizontal when not in use, raised vertically in action, which delivers a number of streams of water into the upper storeys of a building. Fully extended, the water-tower, with a short length of hose, can deliver a stream of water eighty-five feet from the ground into the windows of a building.

Fires along New York's water-front are controlled by four fire-boats. The largest of these, the *New York*, known as "Engine Company 57," is the most powerful fire-boat in existence. It is one hundred and twenty-five feet long, twenty-six feet wide, and draws thirteen feet of water. It is composed entirely of fire-proof material, the pilot-house being made of cement and stone. It has four sets of pumps, and can deliver at a fire eleven thousand gallons of water per minute. The *New York* can send a $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stream of water three hundred and twenty feet distant, and at fires situated a block or so inland from the water-front has often been called upon to deliver water into a portable cistern to be used by the land engines. The combined capacity of all New York's fire-boats is thirty-five thousand gallons of water per minute. There are eighteen miles of water-front in New York to be cared for by these boats.

New York fire-alarm boxes are placed at nearly every other street-corner. The law requires that special boxes, connected directly with Fire Headquarters, shall be in all theatres, hotels, apartment-houses, Clubs, and public buildings. On the street the boxes are placed in special lamp-posts, which at night show red lights. If you ring the alarm without cause, it costs a hundred pounds and a year in jail. New York has few false alarms.

The alarm communicates with the Fire Department Headquarters in East Sixty-seventh Street. The Chief of the Fire Department goes to fires in a swift automobile; indeed, he often reaches the scene before anybody else.

W. B. NORTHROP.



A SEARCH-LIGHT FIRE-ENGINE: ELECTRIC CURRENT IS SUPPLIED BY A SPECIAL DYNAMO ON ENGINE.



FIRE-CHIEF CROKER, WHO GOES TO FIRES IN A SWIFT "AUTO.," OFTEN ARRIVING BEFORE ANY OF THE COMPANIES.



THE FIRE-BOT "NEW YORK" AT FULL-PLAY, DELIVERING 11,000 GALLONS OF WATER PER MINUTE.

Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.

NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT

I. THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.



THE MEN ASLEEP.



THE ALARM.



THE FIREMEN SLIDE TO THEIR POSTS INSTEAD OF GOING DOWNSTAIRS.



THE HARNESS DROPS INTO POSITION AUTOMATICALLY AT THE SOUND OF THE ALARM.



BUCKLING THE LAST STRAP.



OFF!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

NOT many new periodicals are announced for this winter. The capital required for a new paper in these days is much larger than it used to be, and the result is always uncertain. If the idea be good, some capitalist may seize upon it and work it with greater energy and resource. Nevertheless, hope springs eternal in the human breast, and experiments will continue to be made. Mr. Heinemann's *World's Work*, to be edited by Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., has already been mentioned. Then Mr. T. P. O'Connor is to start a weekly literary paper, with Mr. Wilfrid Whitten, late of the *Academy*, as his coadjutor. Messrs. Isbister announce the *V.C.: the Victoria Cross Weekly*. In New York an illustrated monthly magazine, to be called the *Reader*, is to appear. It is to be the first of American literary papers, and the criticisms are to be written not by professional critics, but by enthusiastic readers.

One of the most welcome of all reprints is "The Bard of the Dimbovitza," Roumanian Folk Songs translated by Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell. The two volumes which have already appeared are to be included along with new matter. Few more striking books of poetry have been published in our time. Mr. Frederic Harrison has happily spoken of their "wild melancholy and fierce simplicity." The translations are made with unusual skill, and carry over the poetry of the originals.

Mr. J. C. Nimmo, who is responsible for so many excellent publications, has on hand two important enterprises—illustrated editions of the works of Goethe and the works of Schiller. They are edited by an American, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, and profess to be made from the best translations extant. I wonder whether Froude's translation of the "Elective Affinities" is included. Though it is not generally known, it is a fact that Froude translated the "Elective Affinities" for Bohn's Library. Mr. Nimmo also announces superbly illustrated editions of "The Mysteries of Paris" and "The Wandering Jew."

It is said that Mr. W. E. Norris, who has long resided at Torquay, is to proceed to Australia.

The Rationalist Press is to publish a six shilling edition of "Supernatural Religion," a work originally issued in 1874. It excited considerable attention at the time, but has long been on sale as a remainder. The author, Mr. Walter R. Cassels, who was known in his youth as a poet, has thoroughly revised his book and brought it up to date, several new and important sections being added. It will be remembered that the work was elaborately and severely criticised in the *Contemporary Review* by the late Bishop Lightfoot.

The first American paper-mill in this country will be established shortly under the title "The Thames Paper Company." Many American workmen will be taken over to operate the machinery or to introduce it to English workmen.

Mr. Harrison's little book on Ruskin is being favourably reviewed. One critic affirms that Ruskin's true life-work was completed by the year 1860, the year in which the fifth volume of "Modern Painters"

appeared. Most readers would be exceedingly sorry to lose what Ruskin wrote after 1860. Some, indeed, would rather part with what he wrote before 1860.

Every visitor to the Continent must have been struck by the excellent and efficient manner in which the Tauchnitz English Library is distributed. I have found them in the most remote foreign towns. It is, therefore, somewhat surprising to find, from the excellent authority of Baron Tauchnitz himself, that three thousand copies represent a very fair sale, which is never reached by a considerable number of the works published. A sale of five thousand copies is attained only in the case of works by exceptionally popular authors, while a sale of ten thousand can be recorded only in the case of six books out of eight hundred volumes published during the last ten years. English people on the Continent are conspicuous rather than numerous.

I regret very much to hear of the death of Mr. Lionel Johnson. Mr. Johnson came to London more than ten years ago with all the honours of Oxford, and gave promise of being one of the most successful of literary journalists. There is, no doubt, a demand for University men in journalism, and it is a growing demand. The very best papers in the country are largely recruited by distinguished University students. But Mr. Johnson had neither the physical strength nor the firmness of purpose necessary for the hard struggle in Fleet Street, and he has gone under. It was obvious years ago that this must be the end. Nevertheless, he accomplished some fine critical and poetical work. To criticism he brought sound scholarship as well as catholicity and penetration. He will be much regretted by many associates.

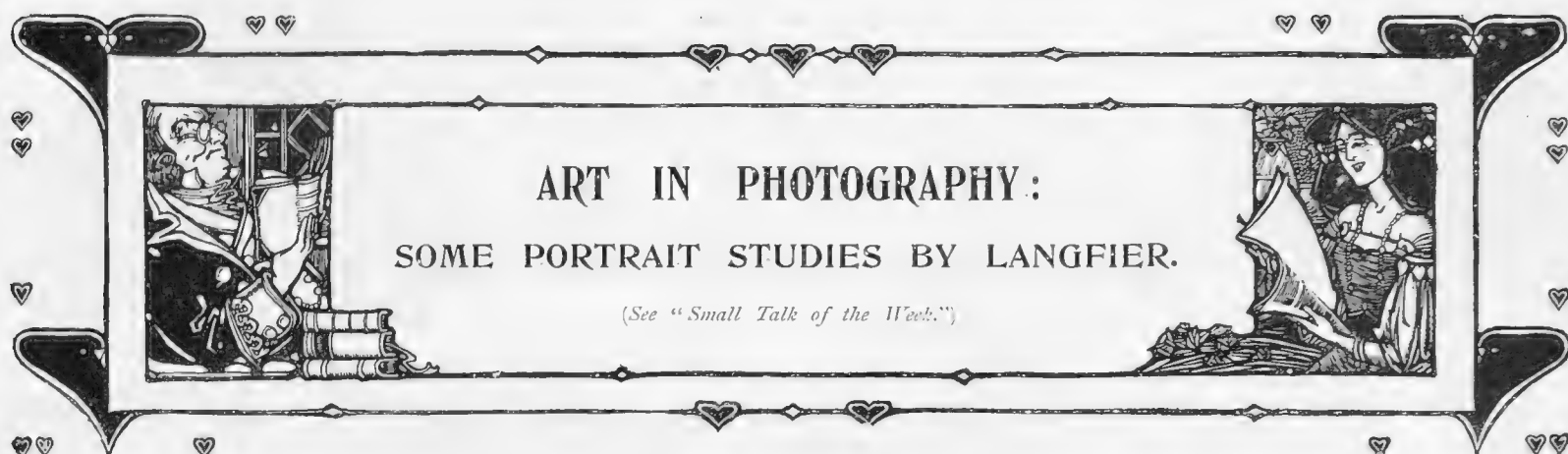
Mr. Owen Seaman's brilliant volume of parodies, "Borrowed Plumes" (Constable), is in reality a collection of thoughtful, acute, and not unfriendly criticisms. It is a book from which the authors concerned might learn much if they were teachable. Curiously enough, the best parodies are the longest. Those of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Henry James, for example, cannot be excelled. The shorter, as that of Mr. Andrew Lang, are much less satisfactory, though, on the other hand, that of Mrs. Meynell is excellent. Take

this for example: "The vital movement of grass is towards reticence rather than greenness. By the highways you shall see its embroidery, a mute protest to shame the scarlet resonance of the pillar-box. That is why the Vestries will not have it so."

Lord Avebury, more familiar under the name of Sir John Lubbock, needs no parodist. A selection from his work is sufficient. But Mr. Seaman does well: "Botany brings us into relationship with flowers. Many people consider that the study of Nature is best pursued in the open air. This view applies also to hunting, shooting, and fishing." Again: "In art it is not enough to copy Nature; the ideal should come from within. That is why models are so unimportant. There was once a great painter who always had the hangman to sit for his pictures of Venice." Mr. Seaman is the legitimate successor of Calverley. o. o.



KIND CARICATURES. I.—MR. MAX BEERBOHM.



MRS. KENNETH WILSON.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES BY LANGFIER.



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES BY LANGFIER.



MISS GLADYS WILSON.



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES BY LANGFIER.



LADY GOOCH.

FIVE NEW NOVELS.

"THE MAID-AT-ARMS."

By R. W. CHAMBERS.
(Constable. 6s.)

To Mr. R. W. Chambers we have learned to look for Romance, with a fine play of incident and sufficient analysis of motive to render the work intensely human. "Problem" and psychology are not necessary to the success of Mr. Chambers's work, and, to tell the truth, his story is usually so good that we are not concerned to look for these deeper things of fiction. The excitement of situation is sufficient problem, and the conduct of his characters in difficult circumstances is sufficient key to their minds. One question, indeed, whether true romance needs anything more, for the intrusion of metaphysic or ethics is usually fatal to ultimate charm and illusion. In "The Maid-at-Arms," Mr. Chambers has once again handled a picture of war, with the same vivid objectivity as he displayed in "Ashes of Empire," that admirable picture of Paris in 1870. In his new book, he keeps to his own side of the Atlantic and writes with patriotic fervour of the War of Independence. From the first page the story moves, and by the time that the narrator, George Ormond, from Florida, has encountered his Northern cousins, the Varicks, of Tryon County, the reader is fascinated. The unruly Varick children and their irascible but warm-hearted old father, Sir Lupus, the patroon, are intensely vital, and the elder sister, Dorothy, wholly an Irish Ormond and nothing of a Dutch Varick, adds another delightful woman to fiction. In the widowed patroon's ill-ordered house she was something of a Clo. Wildairs (the Ormond descent, no doubt?), dressing in boy's clothes and being had in to wine with her father's guests; but, for all this and her curious Indian lore and skill in woodcraft, she remains unsullied—a veritable Artemis. The time of the story is that of the triangular advance on Tryon County by Burgoyne, St. Leger, and Clinton, and Mr. Chambers writes with a fine grasp of strategy. The dastardly intrigue which sought to employ the Indians against the rebels forms a main pivot of the story, and in describing its partial defeat the author betrays an extraordinary knowledge of the most unhallowed Indian rites. These lend to a tale of love and war a weird background that lifts the work far beyond the commonplace. Minor defects, such as the anachronism which parodies Scott's "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," may be forgiven in a story which holds the reader breathless to the end.

"LOVE OF SISTERS."

By KATHARINE TYNAN.
(Smith, Elder. 6s.)

In a story there may be the simplicity which is frankly boring or the simplicity which strikes a genuine note and instantly appeals to the reader. Of this latter kind Miss Tynan's book is an admirable example. Spun of the lightest of webs, this tale of two half-sisters and their little, unimportant world is ably enough written, nevertheless, to make one keen to follow it to its conclusion. It has an individuality of its own which cuts it adrift from the customary love-story, and yet it mainly deals with the half-serious, half-jesting rivalry which sprang up between Colombe, the provoking, irresistible little witch revealing her French blood in a hundred-and-one dainty characteristics, and Philippa, strangely enough, the younger by four years and yet with a far greater sense of responsibility. It is certainly to the credit of the author, however, that, even confronted with the charm of Colombe, the picture of Philippa loses nothing by contrast. Colombe, despite her innumerable lovers, almost succeeds in spoiling Philippa's one romance, but it is more with the heedlessness of a kitten tangling a skein of wool than with the set purpose of injuring her sister. When Philippa's strength of mind prevails, however, Colombe, indeed, is perhaps the most content of all that her footsteps should be turned from the somewhat dangerous path she was airily treading, especially as she has in reality given her heart into the keeping of the only man who has courage to "pitch into" her, as she herself puts it. In Aunt Fin and Aunt Peggy we find two charming old ladies who, having lived together all their lives, are possessed with that morbid desire which seems to grow on women—lacking the breezy influence of the more hardened members of the other sex—to make useless sacrifices the one for the other. Thus, Aunt Fin had years ago renounced the thought of marriage with the man of her choice in order to watch over Peggy, and Peggy in her turn, now nearing fifty, had decided to abandon the idea of wedding a man who had been faithful to her for more than half a lifetime. Philippa, however, with the impetuosity of youth, took the law into her own hands and saved the situation. Miss Tynan writes sympathetically, thereby lending to the most trivial of incidents the all-important "touch of nature."

"THE SHEEP-STEALERS."

By VIOLET JACOB.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

Miss Violet Jacob has wisely chosen to depict a period that has hitherto been singularly neglected by present-day writers of romance—the first half of the nineteenth century. Then it was—to be precise, in 1843—that there came into being a General Highway Act, under which the trustees of the turnpike-roads were authorised to collect by toll sums sufficient to pay the interest of debts

already accumulated and to keep the highways in a proper state of repair. The trustees in question, being absolutely unfettered, interpreted the law as they thought fit, and, not content with the revenue gained by raising the tolls, increased the number of gates, with what result it is not difficult to guess. The people of South Wales in particular, already suffering from the effects of bad harvests and a fall in the value of live-stock, rose in revolt, and, taking the law into their own hands, offered strenuous opposition. Led by a man in woman's clothes, known as "Rebecca," in quaint and witty allusion to the bride of Isaac to whom Laban and his family said, "Let thy seed possess the gate of those that hate them," "Rebecca and her children," or "her daughters," according to Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs, were for a space the terror of the district, and, abetted by most of the farmers, and even some of the gentry, did much damage before they could be suppressed by the military. Rhys Walters, the chief personage of the novel, plays the part of "Rebecca" from a spirit of adventure rather than from any particular and personal desire to evade the authorities' demands, and, during an affray at one of the gates, is led to believe that he has struck the fatal blow under which the keeper falls dead. Flying for his life, he lies *perdu* for some months in a cottage on the hillside, and there comes into contact with the sheep-stealers, George Williams and James Bumpett, familiarly known as "the pig-driver." Miss Jacob's story shows considerable ingenuity of construction and an adequate sense of character. Her strength, however, like the strength of Thomas Hardy, lies in the description of people of the soil, farmers and labourers, rather than in that of the higher classes. Isoline Ridgeway and Henry Fenton are unconvincing and conventional, mere marionettes jerking their way in and out of the story. The finale of the book is as sombre as it is unexpected.

"THE CREDIT OF THE COUNTY."

By W. E. NORRIS.
(Methuen. 6s.)

"Safe" in the colloquial and sporting sense perhaps best describes the work of Mr. W. E. Norris. Readers know precisely what to expect from him, but this does not lead them to pass over any book by this author. On the contrary, they are so fully assured that there will be no disappointment that they like to see Mr. Norris perform once again the feat that he has achieved with success so many times already. In "The Credit of the County," Mr. Norris is, as usual, on familiar ground. We are introduced to a charming circle of people who know their own value and who of ancient right hold the parvenu at his proper distance. But the parvenu also knows his value, and, being in this instance Mr. Reuben Asher (whose name declares his race), he means to make every penny tell. Trentshire, lacking an "M.F.H.," is disposed to tolerate Mr. Asher in that capacity, for the man has means enough to hunt the county respectably; but Mr. Asher—or rather, Mrs. Asher—stipulates that the price of the service is full admission into county society and the hall-mark thereof—a dinner with old Lady Mount-Sorrel, the social arbiter of the district. Mr. Asher, not a bad fellow at bottom, holds a trump-card, for he had surprised Lady Mount-Sorrel's grand-daughter, little Mrs. Denis Vale, in the arms of a lover; but it is long before he plays it, and when he does it is with instant remorse. Mr. Denis Vale, the injured, slightly injured, husband, is another of those admirable delineations of a man belonging to what Mr. Norris calls "the physically attractive, morally sound, mentally well-balanced, and practically illiterate class of English country gentlemen at the close of the nineteenth century." On discovering his wife's mild perfidy, Vale has, of course, only one course open to him, to go on a big-game shooting expedition, and, like the typical person he is, he does so and returns at the right time to save the credit of the county. The action of every character, indeed, is mechanical in its accuracy, but, for all that, it were wide of the truth to call this a mechanical novel, for while you are reading, at any rate, if not long after, you are perfectly satisfied and convinced. Certainly, Mr. Norris has a happy gift, and he employs it in the happiest manner.

"A GIRL CAPITALIST."

By FLORENCE BRIGHT.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

In the concluding paragraph of her new novel Miss Florence Bright speaks of "the simple story" she has told in its pages, and this description of it is true; but it is not all the truth, for the "simple story" is written with such freshness, naturalness, sincerity, and charm that it makes delightful reading. The "Girl Capitalist" turns out to be a young lady, a mistress in a school, who comes into sudden possession of a considerable fortune. Along with a companion, who figures as the writer of the narrative, she sets out to enjoy herself, vastly pleased with the freedom and the opportunities her money brings her. But she soon finds that wealth entails upon her certain responsibilities, and she does not shrink from them. These elements in the story, however, serve only as a background for heightening the "love interest" of the tale, which is developed from commencement to crisis with much insight and sympathy.



G. L. STAMPA

DEAR SOUL: Pardon me, Sir, but could you direct me to a Temperance Hotel?

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

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He received a violent blow on the side of his head. (See Next Page.)

"JANE HONE."

and mustard in private. It was the emergency advice given in cases of poisoning in "Enquire Within."

Jane Hone was in no way bashful about the wedding arrangements, but at once fixed a day and stuck to it.

In vain Matthew told himself that it was outrageous he should marry a perfect stranger, a woman whose only credentials were that she had been tried for murder. She exercised a horrible magnetic power over him, and he found himself obeying her slightest command without a murmur.

He was one day startled to hear that several reporters from London had arrived at Blitherwood, having heard in some extraordinary way that Jane Hone was living in the neighbourhood.

This would never do. They must marry and get away. He hurried home, and on his way met the celebrity herself coming out of the chemist's shop. This was in itself a most disturbing incident.

"I would have done any shopping you wanted," he said.

"There was something very special that I had to get myself," she answered.

Matthew remembered that, in the trial, the fact of her buying the poison herself had been one of the strongest pieces of evidence against her.

Outwardly, he smiled and chatted affably with her as they walked home. Inwardly, he was thinking what an outrage it was that people who had been accused of murder should ever be set at large again.

For aught he knew, she had in her pocket the means by which she intended to put an end to him.

And this kind of anxiety was to be with him for just as long as she chose to let him live—it might be for days, it might be for years—as the result of a letter written in a moment of chivalrous impulse.

As for his little comforts, and the groove in which he had lived happily for so many years, they were things of the past. She fidgeted about the house till he could have cried with vexation.

At first, she treated him with deferential gratitude, but by degrees this wore off, and she grew at length to answering him quite sharply, on one occasion going so far as to tell him to hold his tongue and not talk nonsense. It seemed as if she were developing a certain contempt for him.

Matthew's nerves had gone all to pieces, and he had been taking a good deal too much stimulant.

Not the least of his troubles was the free way in which he had been called upon to write cheques—not that it hurt his pocket so much as his feelings, as he had never lived up to anything like his income.

Things went on in this way till the night before their marriage.

They had arranged to go up to London and to be married at a registry office.

He had not breathed a word to the village as to the date of the marriage, notwithstanding which there was the greatest gossip and excitement about the matter.

He spent the evening with the doctor, and when he left the house it was late, an hour when all Blitherwood was asleep. It was dark and windy, one of those nights when every feature in the landscape gathers around it a certain gloom and menace.

Before he reached home, Matthew was almost in a state of collapse. He had been born and bred in the country, yet, somehow, this night the walk across the fields alone terrified him. He had an uncomfortable feeling that the weird, uncanny figure of Jane Hone was dodging round him, first in front, then behind, while at times he almost thought he could see her looking over hedges. He had to pass through a little copse of nut-trees before reaching his own grounds. To enter this coppice he had to get over a stile, which he did, and found himself face to face with what undoubtedly was Jane Hone, carrying in her hand a small travelling-bag. He hardly had time to give a cry of abject terror, when he received a violent blow on the side of his head and passed through a period of unconsciousness the length of which he was ever after unable to determine. In fact, the events of the night were always very clouded in his remembrance. He had a vague recollection of stumbling to the gardener's cottage, of locking his door, and of spending a sleepless night with the momentary expectation of Jane Hone leaping through the window.

Early next morning Mrs. Jenner came down to the cottage.

"Oh, Mr. Porcher, her room's empty, and I've found this letter on the hall table!"

Matthew tore it open—

DEAR MR. PORCHER,—I feel that I can never make you happy, and am, therefore, leaving you for ever, with the few trinkets and pounds you have given me. That is all I shall take away with me, except, of course, the dear letter which contains your noble proposal of marriage. You will forgive my saying so, but you have begun to get on my nerves, and I fear that you might exasperate me to such an extent as to bring me once more into contact with the law. Your chivalry does not improve upon acquaintance.—Yours ever gratefully,
JANE.

Matthew was too delighted to regret the jewels very much.

It was months before his shattered nerves recovered in any way at all, and, when the neighbours noticed his changed appearance, they used to say, "Poor Mr. Porcher! Such a sad story! His bride ran away with another man the night before they were to have been married!"

THE END.



It had a distinctly peculiar smell. (See Page 522.)

THE LIGHT SIDE OF LONDON.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.



IN THE LOBBY; "OUR MEMBER!"



COTTAGER (*after a long silence*): Well, if I was t' catch my old man a-twiddle-widdle-widdle all day long wi' a little old brush like that, dang me if I wouldn't gie 'im summat!

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



TO-NIGHT (Wednesday), or to-morrow at latest, we may, I gather, expect to find the much re-decorated Avenue Theatre re-opening, under Mr. Frank Curzon's management, with Mr. Frank Stayton's comedy, entitled "Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss." I have already given sundry details concerning this play, which, under its present title, was tested a year or so ago in the provinces.

Also to-morrow the long-talked-of new theatre and opera house at Tunbridge Wells is to be opened by Messrs. Frederick Mouillot and Mr. Welton Dale. The opening performances will be given by a group of most distinguished amateurs, who will present Mr. Carton's comedy, "Liberty Hall," under the patronage of Princess Louise.

"Dainty" is the adjective which by common consent is always applied to Miss Kate Cutler, as it is to Miss Mary Moore and one or two of our popular actresses whose delicacy of feature and of figure is matched by an equal delicacy in their method of playing. Until within the last few weeks, Miss Cutler has been acting in the ever-delightful "Chinese Honeymoon," but her next appearance will be at a theatre much further Westward. So far, perhaps, her greatest success has been made in "Florodora," and when some musical-comedy writer develops a part on original lines to which she can lend her illustrative ability, there is no doubt that her popularity will be increased threefold, for she has brains as well as *chic* and charm and a certain magnetism of manner.

When theatrical chroniclers and others speak of the fascinating Miss Madge Lessing as being an American actress, they do not speak by the histrionic card. As a matter of fact, she was born in England of Irish parents. She went to America, however, in her girlhood, and very soon afterwards, becoming consumed with a passion to "go on the stage," went thereon. Her first appearance was made nearly ten years ago—that is to say, in her very early teens—in Offenbach's smart, if saucy opera-bouffe, "La Belle Hélène," at the Casino Theatre, New York. The character in which the sweet Miss Lessing made her début was of small dimensions, but she displayed such promise that she was speedily cast for all sorts of other parts—of increasing importance. Anon her first really striking success was achieved as the hero in an extraordinary extravaganza called "Jack and the Beanstalk"—a piece originally represented in Boston by a troupe of "gilt-edged" amateurs known as the First Corps of Cadets. In due course, Miss Lessing acted on the road in America in such pieces as "The Rounders," adapted from "Les Fétards" (the original of "Kitty Grey"), in "Little Miss Nobody" (in which she played the character created in London by the equally sweet Miss Kate Cutler), and in "The Whirl of

the Town," in which—after her success in "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast"—Miss Lessing acted at the New Century Theatre, which subsequently resumed its old and honoured name of the Adelphi. Miss Lessing, I am glad to say, will ere long reappear upon the London stage in a dainty but a strong light-comedy character expressly written for her.

In this issue of *The Sketch* there are displayed the first photographs ever taken of the great London Hippodrome mystery known as "Phroso," a "turn" which has, during the last few weeks, bewildered all the thousands of patrons that still besiege that vast and wonderful

palace of entertainment twice daily. The photographs were taken by Mr. Frank Parker, who is Messrs. Moss, Stoll, and Co.'s skilful "producer" of plays and interludes at this and certain other of the same firm's big Empires and new Hippodromes in the provinces. Mr. Parker has, of course, a more intimate knowledge of the remarkable "Phroso" than can fall to the lot of "kind friends in front," and yet it will be observed that even these realistic snapshots do not "give away" anything that can serve to elucidate the problem as to whether "Phroso" is a mechanical doll or a human being masquerading as such. For my own part, I must confess to having been mystified both while watching the strange antics of "Phroso" in the Hippodrome's roomy "ring" and afterwards while interviewing both this fearsome Figure and its "introducer." I can honestly say that on going into the dressing-room where the Figure costs over an hour's preparation for its few minutes' work, I was quite startled when I found the Figure lying across a chair in a limp and livid state, and soon after I entered it dropped down, and then— But, there, why proceed? Enough to say that all who are interested in extraordinary phenomena should

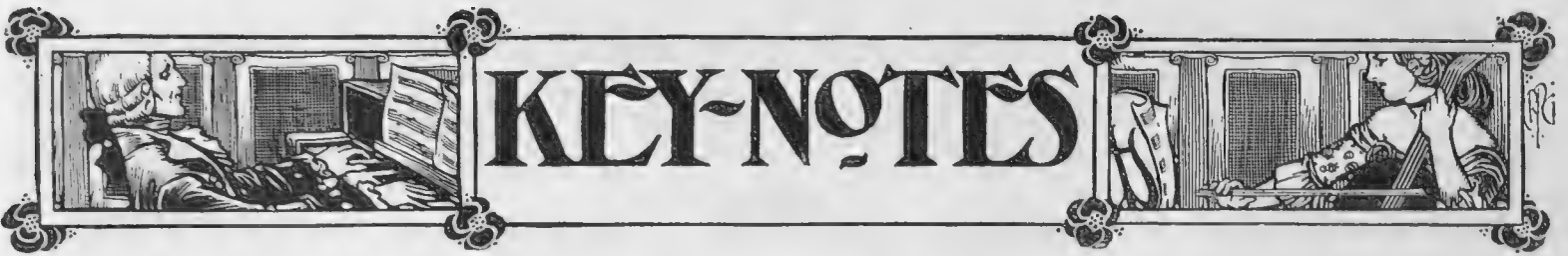


MISS KATE CUTLER.

Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

lose no time in making the acquaintance of this Figure wherever the Moss and Stoll Syndicate may send it around their many Empires, &c.

For the first time in the history of Savoy traditions the original Company perform this week in London at other than their own theatre. Mr. Robert Arthur arranged that the whole of the Company and production in "Merrie England," with all the original scenery, costumes, and effects exactly as presented at the Savoy Theatre, should commence a week's engagement at Kennington Theatre on Monday last. Miss Rosina Brandram, Miss Agnes Fraser, Miss Louie Pounds, Mr. Robert Evett, Mr. H. A. Lytton, and Mr. Walter Passmore appear in the cast, and the Kennington orchestra is augmented by the principal instrumentalists from the Savoy, under the bâton of Mr. Hamish MacCunn.



THE Promenade Concerts will shortly not be the only musical entertainments to gratify London audiences an-hungered for change in their musical diet. The Symphony Concerts at Queen's Hall have already, in circular and advertisement, put forward their claim to recognition, and, with the announcements of their oncoming, the halls dotted here and there in the West-End seem, like the Princess in the fairy-tale, to put on signs of awakening. The season should be an excellent one, if every rumour that one hears contain within it half of the truth. Of course, to the musical public generally the St. James's Hall will appeal with something of the piquancy of novelty; for its new scheme of decoration should very definitely wipe out all the old reproaches which gathered round the dulness of its appearance, the old-fashioned spirit of its appointments, and the depression which seemed to enter from both the south and the west doors, whenever the weather put on a garment of penitence.

Miss Muriel Foster is a mezzo-soprano who has surely by now come quite into the very front rank of contemporary singers of the concert-platform. She has a singularly beautiful voice, and adds to that gift the quality of a fine intelligence—a matter rare enough among singers at any time. At the back, as it were, of her physical powers of voice she proves herself to be possessed of a critical and exacting mind. A week or two ago, at Sheffield, in her interpretation of the Angel's part in Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" she sang with extraordinary tenderness and sweetness; and only last week, at Cardiff, she took part in César Franck's "Beatitudes," fulfilling all the demands made upon her with exceptional success. And this brings one straight to the Cardiff Festival.

One of the principal works performed during that musical orgie was the Franck already mentioned. This was really only the second performance of the work ever given in Britain, the first having taken place in Glasgow some two years ago. All musicians seem to be agreed that there is a future for Franck's music. If such predictions come true, they will only emphasise another of life's little ironies—or, perhaps, one may rank this instance as being something more than a little irony. The work was begun in 1870, it was published in 1880, and it was first performed in 1890, the year of César Franck's death! It is a work which, although exacting, should not have been allowed to lie so idly by. A great deal of it is intimately personal and original. On the other hand, it is curious to note how much of the growingly popular music of thirty years ago is in a certain sense embodied in it. You are startled, for example, to hear at the end a Liszt Symphonic Poem singing out for all the world as though it were part and parcel of "The Beatitudes." Even more startling is it to find so much of the "Feuerzauber" from "Die Walküre" springing out of the orchestra after the condemnation of Satan. These, however, are details that need not be insisted upon. They are curious, as showing the leaning of the man towards Wagnerian ideas these thirty years ago; but they do not exactly bear upon more than this particular point.

The work is, take it all in all, one of singular power, touched by moments of genuine beauty. Some of the choruses are not short of magnificent, and it is highly satisfactory to be able to put upon record that the Cardiff Choir sang, under Dr. Frederic Cowen, extremely well. The work is so trying that it was scarcely possible that there should not have been at times trifling errors, even very occasional lapses from the pitch; but such failures were extremely rare, and the fresh voices of the soprani were peculiarly attractive throughout. Not that by this it is purposed to imply that the remaining parts were not well or

freshly sung; but the case of the soprani did assuredly seem to be exceptional, and for that reason it has been particularly mentioned here.

Mr. Ffrangcon Davies took the vocal part assigned to Christ, and he sang very successfully indeed. In the final solo especially, "O ye righteous," he was altogether at his very best. Mr. Ben Davies was extremely good in the tenor solos, his singing of "When we stray" (the Fourth Beatitude) being in his very best manner, and therefore quite remarkable. Miss Maggie Davies as the soprano soloist was scarcely strong enough for the burden that was put upon her; but she worked with a will.

Dr. Frederic Cowen, the Conductor at Cardiff, deserves a "Key-note" to himself. On the first day of the Festival his own work, "Ruth," was performed—of course, under his own direction. "Ruth" has some moments of most undoubted beauty. Occasionally, it is true, and as if Dr. Cowen were a trifle afraid of harking back to the days when he wrote extremely popular ballads, he deliberately (or it seems as though he were deliberate about the matter) adopts a rather peculiar dryness of style. You recognise cleverness throughout; at times you recognise something more than mere cleverness; but it can scarcely be said that he does perfect justice to his undoubted melodic gift. Of course, one would not dream of comparing the Cowen of the ballad period with the Cowen of to-day; but the fact remains that he does seem in his writing to be just a trifle afraid of his former self. His conducting is distinguished for its energy and insight. You would not, perhaps, from the merely objective standpoint, say that he was a particularly graceful conductor; but that is so minor a point that it is only just worth while making. Dr. Cowen works extremely hard to extract every ounce from his forces; and, as he has a really remarkable judgment, he naturally gets his own way, which is usually the right way, pretty successfully. As a Festival Conductor he has invaluable characteristics. He has no hesitations and he has no vagueness.

COMMON CHORD.



MISS MURIEL FOSTER.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER AT BRISTOL.

It was a happy inspiration on the part of the promoters of the Bristol Musical Festival to select Mrs. Brown-Potter as one of the artists. The public went to hear the music and the singing, and stayed to applaud the actress who was the chief figure in the programme on Wednesday evening and Friday afternoon. On the former occasion she took part in "The Antigone," rendering not only the imperially tragic woman who gives her name to the play, but the other two female parts, with a fine and subtle appreciation of their respective characteristics. Hampered by the conventions which belong to the oratorio and cantata platform, cramped for room, which made action impossible, even if it had been permissible, Mrs. Brown-Potter nevertheless brought out to the full the love, the passion, and the invective of Antigone, while with a wealth of inflection she succeeded in making Eurydice a living personality, though she had only some half-dozen lines to speak in that character.

Adequately cast and presented, with Mrs. Brown-Potter in the part of Antigone, Sophocles' tragedy ought to draw the playgoers of London for a time, as it did their fathers. On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Brown-Potter recited "Bergliot," with Grieg's music, which, but for his unfortunate illness, the great Master would have gone to Bristol on purpose to conduct. The force and intensity of the wild Northern colouring, in striking contrast to the manner of ancient Greece, were vividly brought forth and moved a large audience profoundly.



An All-Round Sportsman—The Volunteer Corps—Turning Corners.

SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON has only within the last few months added automobilism to the list of sports in which he takes a keen personal interest, and there is time yet for him to develop the racing enthusiasm necessary for him to make a bid for the Gordon Bennett Cup or other classic trophy. His name figures in the latest list of new members elected to the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, which gathered into its fold upwards of one hundred candidates at its last electing Committee-meeting. Sir Thomas Lipton early in his motoring career learned the serious possibilities of a side-slip by skidding on greasy tram-lines in the Green Lanes on his way to the City from Osidge, his charming estate in a fragment of old-world country near Southgate; but he escaped unhurt, though he encroached on the sidewalk and crashed into palings. He has since then developed considerable interest in the use of oil as a substitute for water on roads. Motoring has often been described as land-yachting, and Sir Thomas perhaps more than any other sportsman can point to the analogies between the two. At the conclusion of the Princess Henry of Battenberg's visit to the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough recently, Sir Thomas Lipton had a small fleet of motor-cars in readiness to convey Her Royal Highness, the Princess Enia, the Duke of Alba, and other guests to Southampton, where they embarked on his yacht *Erin*. Sir Thomas has but to join the Aéro Club and take flight in an air-ship to complete his experience on sea and land and in the air.

Mr. Mark Mayhew has written resenting my indorsement as excellent of the suggestion that recruits for the Automobile Volunteer Corps should be nominated by two officers of His Majesty's Regular Service and rank as something higher than ordinary privates. He writes to the effect that the Automobile Volunteer Corps will not be a Club, but a useful Arm of His Majesty's Service, and, as such, its officers will naturally have to hold His Majesty's Commission, which cannot be earned except by the necessary military qualifications. That is quite understood, but Mr. Mayhew has missed the point of the suggestion, which was made entirely in the interests of the corps,

whose success will, I hope, realise all that its energetic organiser desires. The unique character of the corps seemed to demand exceptional recognition of the status of the privates, and, for lack of a better definition, the calling of it an "officer" corps if the "privates" were nominated was only a rough-and-ready terminology. On the circular of invitation, all that was specified was that recruits should be owners willing to drive their cars at certain times and places in military operations or find drivers as their substitutes. If all the members were nominated, it need not turn the corps into a Club, but would ensure the recognition of its "privates" as rather different from the ordinary youthful recruits who take up with Volunteering. After all, there are among the men of position who have responded to the invitation some past the prime of life, with no military training, experience, or inclinations. They have joined as automobilists, and their services as such will be valuable, though they may be useless as fighting-men. No drill was formulated in the invitations, no qualification demanded other than ownership of a car, and, if only to prevent the creeping in of the motor Hooligan and the trade representative masquerading as an owner, it seemed rather a good idea that intending recruits should require nomination. Mr. Mayhew thinks not, and he knows best what he wants in his corps, so that ends the matter.

On winding roads, as motorists multiply, there will be a great growth in the number of collisions, and one of the first requirements of the improved roads of the immediate future will be the rectification of needless curves and the cutting down of hedges and high banks which obscure corners that cannot be cured. For a motorist usually develops the habit of cutting a corner close, whether he turns it with the left-hand inside, when, of course, it is always correct to do so, or with the right-hand inside, when it is only permissible to do so if the course is guaranteed to be clear of all approaching traffic. This habit arises from the desire to make use of the slope of the edge of the road as banking, in the track-racing sense, to aid the car in taking the corner fast, but it is a habit inexcusable when turning right-hand in.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S DAIMLER AND PANHARD MOTOR-CARS IN FRONT OF HIS RESIDENCE AT NEW SOUTHGATE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Cesarewitch—Middle Park Plate—Jockey Rings.

THERE is bound to be a good gathering at the Newmarket Second October Meeting, and the sport is sure to be of the usual high calibre seen only at the headquarters of the Turf. Of course, the big event of the week will be the race for the Cesarewitch, for which the field will be a good average one, although many of those down to run are hardly likely to stay the distance. The Newmarket men of observation are very sanguine about Elba, but I am not quite convinced about the stability of Lord Cadogan's filly, who may be beaten at the Bushes. True, Blackwell knows what is required to win a Cesarewitch, as he captured with that useful horse Chaleureux, but I must admit that Lord Cadogan is not a fortunate owner. Prince Florizel is another Newmarket horse very much fancied by good judges, but he will have to be quite as good as he has been painted to be able to win. Black Sand has been put right out of court by his performance in France, and Scullion is not likely to do much better than he did at Nottingham. I am told on good authority that Carabine ought to have won easily in the race for the Ascot Stakes. It seems Mr. Collins's horse does not run well on a right-hand course, and Lane had to pull him to the left the whole way round. He made up ground wonderfully in the straight, but just got done on the post by Mr. Goodchild's horse. I think, therefore, Carabine must be ticked very dangerous, and if he is beaten it may be by Rambling Katie, who has had a most thorough preparation. On the book, she holds Carabine and Black Sand quite harmless, and it is just on the cards that she is an improved animal. I like Congratulation for a place.

A great amount of interest attaches to the race for the Middle Park Plate on Friday, as many good judges are of the opinion that in Mead His Majesty the King owns a two-year-old that is very likely to worthily follow Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, who achieved such high honours in the classic events. Mead won the Hopeful Stakes easily enough, but I contend that Sermon did not run within ten pounds of his proper form in that race. True, the King's colt beat Hammerkop at a difference of five pounds at Goodwood. At the Newmarket July Meeting he had

finished fourth, giving ten pounds to Mixed Powder, and previous to that, at Ascot, when not thoroughly wound up, Mead ran fourth, giving four pounds to Quintessence, so that, if he is started for the Middle Park Plate, he should make a respectable show, although he may not quite be able to win. Greatorex will, it is said, be the best of the Kingsclere lot, and the son of Carbine has a couple of useful wins to his credit. John Peel and Hammerkop have very little chance on the book, but Martinet, the property of Mr. Douglas Baird, may go very close. Ayrshire Beauty may be the best of Huggins's lot, but she could have no chance on her running behind Arabi at Lewes. The public are good judges, as a rule, and they invariably go for public form. Well, the book says that Rock Sand is what is termed by the touts an unbeatable certainty. He has won all his races very easily, with one exception, when Baroness La Flèche ran him to a head at Ascot, but, if my memory serves me, Sir James Miller's colt was badly placed in the race referred to.

In a letter which appeared recently in the sporting papers, Lord Marcus Beresford contended that the apprentice allowance had assisted to kill the Jockey Ring. I quite agree with his Lordship. There is no doubt that a few years ago a Jockey Ring existed in England, and at the time the form at racing was perplexing in the extreme to an ordinary student. I do not say that it is possible to discern the ways right off of evil-doers on the Turf, but the man who has to tip for every race at every meeting held throughout England and Scotland must be a terrible dullard if he could not occasionally see, after the event, which way the cat had been made to jump. Of course, we have many honourable jockeys on the Turf, but there are others, and the records show how many "successful" jockeys in the past have, sooner or later, got into hot water in their dealings on the Turf. One thing is certain, however: a jockey could not work a "crook" successfully without the good offices of an agent able to work the commission in the Ring and through the agency of the starting-price offices. The latter generally found the horses. Luckily, the apprentices riding to-day are above suspicion.—CAPTAIN COE.



OLD GENTLEMAN (to boy playing football on Sunday): Ah, my lad, what would your father say if he saw you playing football on the Sabbath?
THE BOY: Ye'd better ask himsel'. That's him keepin' goal.

DRAWN BY JAMES GREIG.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FOR those who make their habitation in London perforce, yet get out of it as much and as often as they can, no valid excuse offers for staying away longer from that ineffable Metropolis than mid-October. The evenings have drawn too obviously in; "morning's," alack! no longer "at seven," except in the lovely pages of "Pippa Passes"; added asperities in the winds that blow dead leaves into little, rustling, roadside whirlpools—all remind the wayfarer that summer has shaken the dust of Britain from her feet and left its chilled inhabitants to the cold comforts of dear coal and domesticated electricity for another seven calendar months. As if, moreover, it were not vexatious enough to exchange into sulphurous Metropolitan fogs and an uninterrupted vista of muddy November pavements for the sweet sounds and smells and sights of God's country, we find, on returning to town this week, yawning chasms in Oxford Street, Bond Street undermined and countermined with trenches—"quite a realistic reminiscence of the veldt," as I heard some say in passing—and South Kensington being surgically examined in various vital spots of its pavement where traffic doth mostly multiply. The discomfort all this entails when one is hurried—as who is not when in town?—in going from one place to another only the Londoner knoweth. But County Councils, or Vestrys, or Unreliability Companies, or whatever they style themselves, go gaily on with their Pavement Closure System all the same, while the blocked-up cabs and "growlers" and the occupants thereof may go on growling just the same for all the good it will do beyond relieving their—in several senses—pent-up persons and imprecations. To get into London just now is not, therefore, particularly good, to get into a fog is bad—and we have had

three already—but to get into a block is worse, and the amalgamated situations are simply preposterous.

There is a tendency to lowness on the part of that exalted personage, Dame Fashion, this winter, which may seem paradoxical, but is, nevertheless, exactly true. Our hats are worn low, our coiffure



[Copyright.]

THE LACE EMPIRE-GOWN WORN BY MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX
IN "SPORTING SIMPSON."



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING GOWN OF GREEN CLOTH AND VELVET WORN BY
MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX IN "SPORTING SIMPSON."

has followed suit, while neck-bands, not to lag behind, have sunk out of sight altogether. This latter custom, though for the moment modish, is not entirely becoming to all styles. So wisps of tulle, straps of ribbon, folds of velvet, and other devices variously are resorted to with the object of softening the severity of our collarless necks. Quite the most successful system is the widish band of pale-coloured velvet with a pearl or diamond slide to set off its becoming effects. Of these the Parisian Diamond Company has a really exquisite selection. Two are shown forth on these pages, but a bewildering and beautiful crowd await inspection at the Company's various show-rooms in Regent Street, Burlington Arcade, and Bond Street, outside the latter establishment being, perhaps, as famous and favourite a rendezvous as any in London, by reason of its fascinating contents no less than its commanding position. The "new art" in jewellery has artistic exponents in the Parisian Diamond Company, as the enamelled diamond-set miniature brooch will exemplify, while the new style of tiara and the lately revived ear-ring are shown in many forms, the Company's methods being nothing if not up-to-date.

Apropos of hats, the costumiers are particularly thorough-going in their developments this season. All sorts and sizes of plaids and clan tartans are being introduced abroad in zibeline and tweed, while hats to match are being shown in rough camel-hair with quills and other appropriate be-featherings for winter weather. In subdued tints such a tartan costume complete might be quite smart and effective—and decidedly workmanlike for country wear, no doubt.

What a change, by the way, our last ten years of civilisation have wrought in country houses, of which one has such varied and cheery

experiences at this time of year. Formerly lamps, candles, and a tub with all its limitations in one's room were the only possibilities that the shires could offer. Now, few well-appointed houses of even moderate size are without their own system of electric lighting, while bath-rooms lurk invitingly on every corridor. How much this appreciated "new order" is enhanced when at the end of a long day's sport one's bath is crowned by a dash of Scrubb's Liquid Ammonia only the tired and worn-out knoweth. Scrubb's Ammonia is the *elixir vite* of the bath-room, and no house can be called quite complete without its many-sided aid.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. M. (Halifax).—Your note, I regret to say, did not arrive in time to forward address to town. I have asked the lady who has discovered this cure for obesity to write you about it. It is quite a recent discovery of an old recipe which is both harmless and effectual.

REV. W. K. (Ireland). You will be replied to direct, and I trust the remedy will benefit your *protégé*.

MRS. T. (Co. Mayo). I have sent on your post-card and asked Mrs. Arthur to reply to you direct.

MAJOR O'C. (Ireland). The address for the herbal obesity pills is "Mrs. Arthur, 148, Lower Richmond Road, Putney." I am assured on all sides of their excellence.

MRS. E. (Burton).—You will find the address in my answer to "Major O'C."

LADY A. L.—Please see reply to "Major O'C."

J. F. (Luton).—If the light sable cape is in good condition it would be worth re-shaping and re-modelling. This particular fur has never been so valuable as now. Ask the International Fur Store people what they could do with it. They are so clever in making "old lamps new."

MAJOR L. (Alder-shot).—For regimental despatch-boxes and the dressing-bags you cannot do better than Fisher's, at the corner of Arundel Street, Strand. Their work is so thoroughly reliable and lasting.

SYBIL.

GERMAN EMPEROR AT SANDRINGHAM.

Emperor William, so I hear (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*), is expected to arrive at Sandringham about seven o'clock on the eve of King Edward's birthday. This arrangement will allow His Majesty ample time to enjoy a cup of tea before changing for dinner. It is most probable that, after disembarking from his yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, the Emperor will proceed by special train to Shorncliffe for the purpose of inspecting the 1st Royal Dragoons, of which regiment His Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief. When he reaches Sandringham, therefore, the other guests of King Edward, some twenty-five in number, will, in all probability, be already assembled. These guests will include both the German Ambassador in London, Count Wolff-Metternich, and the British Ambassador in Germany, Sir F. C. Lascelles.

The Emperor will also have the opportunity at Sandringham of renewing his acquaintance with Earl de Grey, whose powers as a marksman he appreciates almost as much as does King Edward himself. It is no uncommon occurrence, as even German sportsmen know, for the noble Earl to bring down five pheasants in less than the same number of seconds. For rapidity combined with absolute accuracy of aim he is, indeed, unrivalled. Asked once by a German

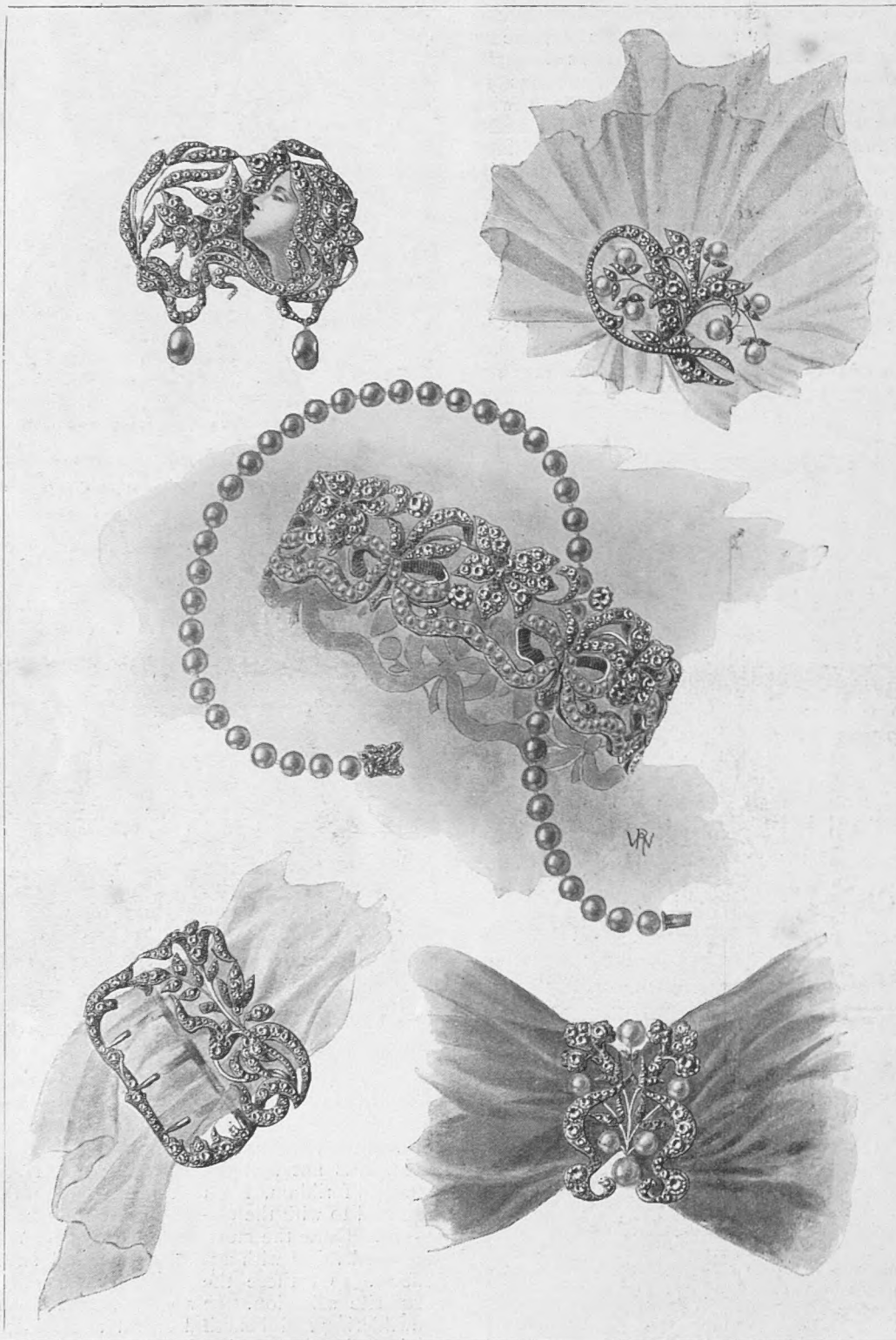
guest of the King to explain his superiority, Earl de Grey replied that, while others wait to ascertain if they have hit before aiming afresh, he fires five or six times in succession without pausing to note the effect of his shots. On one occasion at Sandringham, Earl de Grey with thirty-seven shots bagged thirty-five pheasants and one hare, which he double beaded! That, I believe, forms his record for Royal shooting-parties. The Emperor, who has been shooting almost every day for many weeks past, should be in fine form when he reaches Sandringham, but he will hardly equal the performances of Lord de Grey.

It is three years since the Emperor was last at Sandringham. He went there after visiting Queen Victoria at Windsor. In German Court circles the journey of the Emperor to England in 1899 has

always been explained by his desire, in view of the great age of the late Queen, to gain the friendship of the then Heir to the Throne. He was accompanied on that occasion, it will be remembered, by Count von Bülow and important political conferences were held between the German statesman and Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. It is no secret that the Colonial Secretary was misled by the suavity of the present German Chancellor into delivering his famous speech on the future triple alliance between Great Britain, Germany, and the United States. Of course, Count von Bülow was delighted at this result of his eloquence, and promptly proceeded to exploit the situation by representing Great Britain as a suitor for Germany's favour. There will be no politics during the impending visit of the Emperor, and His Majesty will not be accompanied by the statesman who has succeeded so thoroughly in arousing British distrust. But it may be expected that what is called the "personal convention" between the Emperor William and King Edward will be renewed, and that by this informal instrument the discussion proceeding on either side of the North Sea concerning the possibility of an eventual war between the two countries will lose all hold on political

imaginings, in view of the mutual promise sealed between the monarchs that during their lifetime peace shall reign between Germany and England.

Messrs. Day, Summers, and Co., of Northam Iron Works, Southampton, write to point out that the statement made by a correspondent in a recent number, as to the sheers at Portsmouth Dockyard being the largest in the world, is not in accordance with fact. The sheers manufactured at their works for the Russian Government some years ago are larger and more powerful, their normal working load being 150 tons. When erected at Cronstadt Dockyard they were tested to lift the enormous weight of 180 tons. Messrs. Day, Summers, and Co. have also made several sets of floating sheers for Russia.



NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 28.

THE ACCOUNT.

THE rise in the Bank Rate has not made any appreciable difference to the carry-over or the contangos exacted from the bulls. In a few shares more has been exacted than at the end of September Account, but in such cases it has been the special circumstances, not the general rise in the value of money, which were responsible for the increase.

Investment stocks are a little more cheerful, thanks to the success of the Local Loans and the new Japanese issues, the latter of which, as we anticipated last week, went off with considerable *éclat*, but in every market the prevailing note is one of deadly dullness, or, more strictly, utter stagnation.

SOME SOUTH AMERICANS.

Last week we called attention to Cordoba and Rosario Second Debentures, and there are yet a few more South American stocks which appear worth the attention of our readers. In these matters it pays to follow the lead of those who know about things South American, for it is very seldom that any rise takes place in this class of stock, until a sufficient quantity has been picked up by the inner circle.

One of the best-informed groups in the City have been buying the New Extension shares of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway, and we therefore made it our business to institute a few inquiries upon the subject. The shares are of the value of £10 each, with £7 10s. paid and £2 10s. to pay at the beginning of 1903; the price is about 8½, and until 1906 4 per cent. interest will be paid, after which date the shares will rank in all respects with the Ordinary stock of the railway, standing to-day at 135, or thereabout. Our readers will see that the Extension shares, when fully paid, will cost a purchaser about 11¼, or, converted into stock, say, 112½. The Ordinary stock may be expected to get 7 per cent. by way of dividend, or £3 a-year more for the next three and a-half years than the New Extension. Add, therefore, £10 10s. to the price of the latter security, and it looks like buying Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary stock at 123.

Another favourite stock at the moment is Brazilian Rescission Bonds at about 75 or 75½. The interest is at the rate of 4 per cent., and it is calculated that, with the ½ per cent. sinking fund and the saving on the guarantees which the Bonds were given to replace, the Loan should be redeemed in about sixteen years, so that those who are prepared to hold will not only get over 5 per cent., but within that time a bonus of some 25 per cent. in addition. Several of the shrewdest men of our acquaintance have lately been purchasing these Bonds, and, short of a revolution or a great war, it seems pretty certain that the speculation will prove a profitable one.

Cordoba Central 5 per cent. First Preference stock is also in favour, but space forbids us to go at length into the grounds upon which it is to be recommended. At 75 we feel sure no purchaser will be a loser by a deal.

IN THE JUNGLE.

By the perversity of fate, any good news from the Jungle seems to be doomed to a counteracting influence soon afterwards through some fresh disappointment. It was but a week or so ago that the Ashanti Sansu dividend infused a new spirit of hope into the West African market, and for a while it began to look as though the public were taking an interest in matters connected with the Gold Coast. But last week's meeting of the Gold Coast Investment Company came as a cold douche to the anticipations of those who were expecting to hear a good account of the work being done by the Wassau undertaking. Most of us had thought that the premier mine would start crushing before Christmas, but again the time is postponed, and now it is not to be until May or June that returns may commence. Considering how much depends upon the results which will be attained by the Wassau Company, the delay has come as a sore disappointment to those who looked for a continuation of the better tone developed of late by

the market. Not that the Wassau, of course, is the only important concern on the field; far from it. But it is probably the best-known, and the public are likely to judge other West African things by the news which they get concerning it. The Sansu is pluckily fighting for the good of the market, and, if its returns can be maintained and its dividends, much may be done to restore the very small amount of confidence with which the public once regarded the Jungle. The various syndicates are, happily, turning their attention to actual mining rather than to share-marketing, and this way, we are convinced, lies the road to success. The Akinassi, amongst others, is hard at work developing its properties, and it is to be hoped that patient perseverance will be crowned with the success which all well-wishers of the Jungle can desire for it.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

It is to be feared—feared, I say—that the House is much more interested in the taxation of the Transvaal than in the great Education question. The speculative spirit wherewith “every boy and every girl is born into this world alive” is once more demonstrated by the rancorous controversy that rages round the problem of the hour, because, when it is reduced to its elements, there is a decidedly gambling basis to the question. By the way, there was an amusing scene the other night at an open-air demonstration

which was being held in the suburbs. The speaker, a cleric, was fiercely denouncing the evils of betting and gambling to an audience almost entirely composed of working-men. Point after point he pressed home with sound and logical argument, and the men listened with stolid attention. At the end of the address questions were invited, and a brawny workman stepped forth. “It’s all very well for you gents to talk about the sixpenny bookmaker and the ‘straight snips,’” he complained, “but why don’t yer go fer the Stock Exchange, wot is the greatest gamblin’ ’ell on the face o’ the earth?” And the applause which greeted the question made me wonder in what estimation the ordinary member of the House is held amongst the sinews of the country.

What a blessing it will be when the new Transvaal Loan comes out and the last of the War-borrowing is at a final end! Not until we know what is coming can Consols go better, and even when the details are published it may be doubted whether any substantial recovery will ensue in the price of Goschens until the Transvaal prospectus is out and the subscription-lists closed. It is often asked whether an exchange from the National War Loan into Consols would turn out profitably by reason of the better prospects of a rise which the latter stock possesses. The War Loan cannot go much higher than par because of its redemption in about seven and a-half years’ time, whereas there is always the chance that another period of easy money might assist Consols to 100, despite the reduction of interest. The straddle is not without its attraction, and appearances point to a sharp rise in Goschens within the next six months. On the other hand, there are many brokers who lean to the opinion that, when holders of the Funds begin to receive their lessened dividend-cheques next year, a lot of selling will immediately result, and the capital hitherto employed in Consols will be turned into something more remunerative—Home Railway Prior stocks, or similar securities. The situation bristles with possibilities and likelihoods, and all one can do is to consider as many of the various points as possible, and decide for himself what will be the probable outcome of the reduction of interest on Consols.

Excellent interest may often be secured upon one’s money by the purchase of Bonds or stock which will be paid off at an early date, and those who have floating supplies of cash which they do not care to lock up for indefinite periods should get their brokers to keep them in touch with such matters. As a single instance, I may refer to the Seven per cent. “A” Debenture stock of the Inter-oceanic Railway Company of Mexico. The stock is to be paid off next April at 110, and can be bought in the market at about 112. A dividend of about 4 per cent. becomes payable in the early part of December, so that the cost is brought down to virtually 108. At the date of redemption a further amount of interest becomes payable, and, altogether, the investment works out to what is really a capital 5½ per cent. bill. There is no real risk, and, as I said, those who want to use money for a short time have in such a stock a perfectly sound channel for their cash.

As to whether the Yankee Market can go better in the near future, what is one to say when clients come with the same question constantly on their lips? If we knew, we should not be such fools as to bother about making a living over commissions and “turns”; we have only to lay in a sufficient number of shares and our fortune is triumphantly secured. But, seeing that opinions are sought, human nature being human nature, one can but give one’s own ideas, and my view is that the Yankee Market is an excellent one in its present condition for snapping short profits. Of course, it is very difficult for a client to buy Americans when his broker comes out of the House with a troubled air and says that the market looks like going all to pieces. Yet, as a rule, that is the very time to pick up shares, just as it is right to sell them when they are “blazing good,” as the House says. But I should be sorry to advise a purchase with the idea of hanging on to the shares for any length of time. On each item or rumour of good news concerning the settlement of the coal strike there will be a sharp run-up. On the other hand, prices are admittedly inflated, and American prosperity cannot last for ever, so that a sword of Damocles hangs suspended over the market, the point of which it is as well to bear in mind when running profits on Yankee shares.

Grand Trunk First and Second Preference will be quoted ex-dividend on the day when this number of *The Sketch* appears, and disappointment will be keen indeed if



THE AKINASSI SYNDICATE (ASHANTI), LIMITED.
SHAFT NORTH-EAST OF UNDERLAY SHAFT. A VEIN WAS CUT IN THIS SHAFT
FIVE INCHES THICK, WITH RESULTS EQUAL TO TWO OUNCES PER TON.

the deductions should fail to be recovered without loss of time. Personally, I cannot see that there is much left to go for in the Second Preference, and the junior issues are certainly as highly valued as their merits at the present time entitle them to be. In fact, I am not at all sure that a little bear of Trunk Seconds is a bad speculation by any means. The chief thing in favour of the stock is its comparatively small amount, and a large part of the whole issue has found its way into the hands of the investor. The market, however, requires repeated doses of the strong stimulants to enable it to maintain its level, and if Trunk Seconds reach anything like 97 ex-div. I have no hesitation in saying the stock should be sold. The First Preference is now an investment security and can be held as such. But the report is out, the meeting over, the dividends deducted, and experience says that after these aids to market movements have been removed there comes a time of lassitude which makes for lower prices. And therefore, I say, sell Trunks. And apropos of the Grand Trunk, there is an interesting little passage in the "Land of the Almighty Dollar," that vivacious little chronicle of a visit paid to the United States by the late Mr. Panmure Gordon, which is worth recalling. Mr. Gordon reminds us that the Grand Trunk witnessed the earliest start in business of Mr. Thomas Edison, the great inventor. "At thirteen," wrote Mr. Panmure Gordon, "he began his working life as a train-boy upon the Grand Trunk Railroad between Port Huron and Detroit. It is recorded that the young newsman was successful in his calling; but he was not content to remain a mere dealer in periodicals, and decided to become a publisher. His office was an old freight-car, where he got together three hundred pounds of type, and started the issue of the *Grand Trunk Herald*. It was only a small amateur-weekly, printed on one side and without a press, the impression being made from the type with the hand." I just wonder how many times its weight in gold a copy of the *Grand Trunk Herald* would fetch nowadays!

Those who want a healthy gamble should lay in a few James Nelson Ordinary shares, the price of which, as I write, is between fifty-eight and fifty-nine shillings. In good quarters the price is talked to three-pounds-ten and four pounds. It seems needless to suggest that the shares might be sold before they reach these prices, but I shall be surprised if they do not go over 3½ before long. And the Second Preference at 2½ should certainly be good for a three-eighths rise. Mind you, I write of Nelson's as a speculation. Concerning investments, it is satisfactory to see Imperial Tobacco Debenture stock standing a good five points higher than it did when I set out the facts which favoured an advance. Those who bought the stock in the neighbourhood of 102 or 103 must please themselves as to taking their profit, but the price may easily go to 110; it is not worth more than that, and, I think, should be slipped at 108, or thereabouts. And, having thus unburdened myself of whatever moral responsibility attaches to a tipster, I leave you, dear my reader, for a quiet pipe of the Imperial Tobacco as I stroll to the post to rid myself of this "copy" and you of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE TOUT NUISANCE.

Last week we called attention to the absurd circulars which certain touts calling themselves "Bankers" had been sending to various comparatively innocent persons. When kind and unknown philanthropic dealers desire to sell shares and guarantee the buyer against loss, the first thing that a wise man does, before acting on such rubbish, is to make a few inquiries as to the value of a guarantee.

The British Investors Underwriting Corporation—there ought to be a tax on such high-sounding titles—take another line. They have some Huntley Oil and Refining Company of Texas shares to dispose of, and, although they have received an offer to purchase the lot at over ten shillings each, they prefer to let the great British public have them at this modest figure. Our old friends Charles Bennett and Co. are also on the war-path with the time-honoured blind pool called "Our next Prudential," a deal in which they propose to run some Denver Common shares against the foolish people who entrust them with their "cover." If they cannot snatch that cover in such a jumpy market as Yankee Rails, it must be because they have more profitable fish to fry a little later.

Anyone who is deluded enough to part with his money on the thin "yarns" we have referred to deserves no pity; in fact, we had almost said, in a properly regulated world, would have no money to part with; nevertheless, it is clear from the number of circulars flying about that the game must be a paying one, and it cannot be too often impressed upon our readers that there is only one proper place for such productions, and that is the waste-paper basket—probably the fireplace would be better, for then there would be no chance of the dustman or the servants being made victims.

Saturday, Oct. 11, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

PRUDENT.—See this week's Notes. The people are touts of the worst kind, and, if you are fool enough to deal with them, you deserve to lose your money.

INVESTOR.—The list you send is not a bad one as a whole, but, for our own money, we should add a few good Kaffirs, such as New Goch, Angelo Deep, Rand Victoria, and the like, and we should prefer Copiapo to Mountain Copper. If you buy as you suggest, you should realise whenever any of the shares show a reasonable profit. The man who looks on Mines as a permanent investment is sure to burn his fingers.

A. T. W.—(1) We should hold rather than make such a heavy loss. (2) A reasonable speculation. (3) These shares may improve, but we do not see much to go for. (4) John Wright and Eagle Range shares at about £3 or *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Pref. appear cheap. We know that the latter Company will have a very good year and are well worth par. For a cheap Industrial share, our Crisp tip of last week may suit you as a speculation.

NOTTS.—The firm in question charge a bit above the market price for the various Bonds. You can buy the same thing at the current price by dealing with Nathan Keyzer and Co., of Threadneedle Street, E.C., who will do your business in this class of thing at the proper price if you are prepared to pay for what you buy. They will also watch the drawings for you. As to the Mines, judging from your address, you should be able to decide better than we can. Our own opinion is that both the concerns you name are "wrong 'uns."

COAL-TAR.—You had better hold the stock. But for the fact that you have such a large block, we should say buy more and average.

A. J.—As to the Oil we do not feel competent to advise, but the Tobacco Pref. is a good investment.

ANXIOUS.—Your Debenture stock is the very highest class of investment. If your money had been in Consols the depreciation would have been even greater. When Trustee stocks improve, your holding will increase in value with the rest. The only suggestion we could make would be to sell and buy Consols with the money.

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After S. Begg.

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See Lists for "Battles of the British Army" Series.



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